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JERUSALEM DELIVERED:

750

An Heroic Poem.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF

TORQUATO TASSO,

By John Hoole.

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.
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JERUSALEM DELIVERED:

An Heroic Poem.

VOL. II.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Christians make a solemn procession, and, with public prayers, implore the assistance of Heaven. The next morning a general assault is given to the city; and numbers are slain on both sides. A breach is made in the wall; Godfrey, preparing to enter first, is wounded by an arrow from Clorinda, and obliged to retire from the field. The day then seems to change in favour of the Pagans. Solyman and Argantes signalize themselves. In the meantime Godfrey, being conveyed to his tent, is miraculously healed by an angel. He returns to the walls, and renews the attack, till night puts an end to the battle.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

THE

ELEVENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE Christian leader now, with care oppress'd,
The near assault revolv'd within his breast:
But while he hastes his vast machines to frame,
Before his presence rev'rend Peter came.
The hermit sage apart the hero took,
And thus, sedate, with awful words bespoke:
You, mighty prince, terrestrial arms prepare;
But first another duty claims your care.
To Heav'n your thoughts be turn'd, your vow be paid,
And call the angels and the saints to aid.
With public pray'rs their succour seek to gain,
So may your arms the wish'd success obtain.
Then let the priesthood in procession move,
And humbly supplicate the pow'rs above.
And you, O chiefs, the vulgar herd inspire,
And kindle in their souls devotion's fire.

Severely thus the holy hermit said:
Th'observant leader his advice obey'd.
O servant, lov'd of JESUS! (he reply'd)
Well pleas'd, I follow where thy counsels guide.
While I the chieftains of the camp invite,
Call thou the people's pastors to the rite,
William and Ademar (a rev'rend pair)
Thine be the sacred pomp, and thine the care!
Soon as th'ensuing morning's light arose,
The hermit with the priests assembl'd goes,
Where, in a vale, to worship sacred made,
The Christians oft their pure devotions paid.
Robes white as snow the priestly band enfold;
The pastors shone in mantles rich with gold,
That hung divided on their breasts before;
And hallow'd wreaths around their brows they wore.
First, Peter leads, and waves aloft in air
The sign which saints in Paradise revere:
Next, in two ranks, with solemn steps and slow,
The tuneful choir in lengthen'd order go:
Then, side by side, the holy chiefs appear,
William and Ademar, and close the rear:
Next Godfrey comes, like one of high command,
Alone, and foremost of his martial band.
By two and two the field the leaders tread;
Then, sheath'd in arms, the warrior-host succeed.
Thus from the trenches move the pious train,
Sedate and silent stretching o'er the plain:
Nor clang of arms, nor trumpet's sound is heard,
But holy hymns from humble hearts preferr'd.

Thee, FATHER! first, omnipotent, they sung;
Thee, SON! co-equal, from the FATHER sprung:
Thee, SPIRIT! in whose influ'nce both combine:
Thee, Virgin-Mother of the Man divine!
And you, ye leaders, who in Heav'n above
Th'effulgent bands in triple circles move:
And thee, whose hand baptiz'd th'incarnate God
With the pure stream in Jordan's hallow'd flood.
Thee, Peter, they invoke in songs of praise,
The rock on which Heav'n fix'd his church to raise;
Where now thy great descendant holds the place,
T'unclose the gates of pardon and of grace:
And all the nunciates of th'ethereal reign,
Who testify'd the glorious death to man:
With those, the martyrs for the truth, who stood
To seal the precious doctrine with their blood:
And those whose words or writings taught the way
To the lost regions of eternal day:
And her the damsel true, of Christ belov'd,
Whose pious choice the better life approv'd:
The virgins chaste, in lonely cells enclos'd,
By mystic rites to Heav'n alone espous'd:
With ev'ry other name in torments try'd,
Whose zeal the nations and their kings defy'd!
Thus chanting hymns devout, the num'rous train,
In ample circuit, mov'd along the plain:
Their pensive march to Olivet they frame
(Fruitful in olives, whence it bears the name;
Eastward it rises from the sacred town,
A mount by fame thro' ev'ry region known)

So pass the tuneful bands with cadence sweet,
The hollow vales the lengthen'd notes repeat;
The winding caverns and the mountains high
A thousand echoes to the sounds reply.
Meantime, in wonder fix'd, the Pagan band
All hush'd and silent on the ramparts stand:
Struck with their solemn pace, their humble tone,
The pomp unusual, and the rites unknown.
But when their wonder ceas'd, th'ungodly crew
From impious tongues blaspheming curses threw.
With barb'rous shouts they shake the bulwarks round;
The hills and vallies to the noise resound!
But not their course the Christian pow'rs refrain,
Nor cease their ritual or melodious strain.
Fearless they move, nor heed the clamours more
Than cries of birds loquacious on the shore.
Then on the summit of the hill they rear'd
A splendid altar, for the priest prepar'd;
On either side, refulgent to behold,
A beamy lamp was plac'd of burnish'd gold!
There William now, in costlier robes array'd,
His rev'rend homage at the altar paid;
There, with low voice, his humble suit prefers,
And supplicates with vows and holy pray'rs.
Devoutly hush'd the near assistants stand;
With eyes intent behold the distant band:
But when complete the mystic rites were ceas'd,
The sacred Sire th'attending train dismiss'd,
And with his priestly hand the squadrons bless'd!

The pious troops return (this duty o'er)
And tread the path their feet had trod before;
Till, at the vale arriv'd, their ranks they broke,
When to the tents his course the hero took.
With smiles he parted from the vulgar band,
But there the captains of his host detain'd
To due repast; and full before him plac'd
Thoulouse's valiant earl with honours grac'd.
The call of thirst and hunger now repress'd,
The chief of chiefs his leaders thus address'd:
Soon as the morn ascends her early throne,
Rise all in arms t'assault Judæa's town:
Be that the day t'invade our impious foe,
The present hours to needful tasks bestow.
This said, the chiefs depart: with trumpet's sound
Th'obedient heralds send his mandates round;
And bid each ardent warrior rise to fight,
Array'd in armour, with the dawning light.
In diff'rent works the tedious day they waste,
And various thoughts revolve in ev'ry breast,
Till welcome night, that irksome care relieves,
A grateful truce to mortal labour gives.
Aurora still with doubtful lustre gleams,
Scarce has the dawn display'd her orient beams;
No stubborn ploughs the yielding furrows tear:
No watchful shepherds to the meads repair;
Each bird secure, his peaceful slumber takes;
Nor hound nor horn the silent forest wakes:
When now the trumpet's echoes rouze the morn,
To arms! to arms! the vaulted skies return:

To arms! to arms! with universal cry,
A hundred legions to the notes reply.
First Godfrey rose, but now neglects to bear
His pond'rous cuirass, oft approv'd in war:
A slight defence the fearless hero chose,
And o'er his limbs the lighter burthen throws;
Arm'd like the meanest of the martial name;
When aged Raymond to his presence came.
Soon as he view'd the chief, his thoughts divin'd
What deed the leader's secret soul design'd.
Where is thy corslet's massy weight, he cry'd,
Where all thy other arms of temper try'd?
What dost thou seek? a private palm to gain,
To scale the walls amongst the vulgar train?
Think not this task a gen'ral's sword demands:
Such dangers leave to less important hands.
Resume thy arms; regard thy safety most,
And save a life, the spirit of our host.
He ceas'd. The gen'rous leader thus reply'd:
When holy Urban girded to my side
This sword in Clarimont; when first 'twas giv'n
To Godfrey's hand, to wage the wars of Heav'n,
To God I vow'd my social arms to wield,
A private warrior in the dang'rous field.
Since I have ev'ry duty now display'd
As fits a chief by whom the host is led,
It next remains (with justice shalt thou own)
To march in equal arms t'assault the town.
Thus shall I keep the faith to Heav'n I gave:
His hand shall lead me, and his pow'r shall save.

This said, his brethren soon th'example took;
Each knight of France his heavy arms forsook;
The other chiefs less cumb'rous harness chose,
And boldly march'd on foot t'invade the foes.
Alike prepar'd, the Pagan troops ascend
Where tow'rds the north the crooked ramparts bend;
And where the west surveys the rising tow'rs,
Of least defence against the hostile pow'rs:
For, well secur'd on ev'ry part beside,
The town th'attempts of all their host defy'd.
Nor here alone the tyrant's watchful care
Had plac'd the best and bravest of the war;
But, summon'd in this utmost risque of state,
Old age and childhood share the toils of fate.
These to the brave supply (as time requires)
Sulphur, and stones, and darts, and missile fires.
With vast machines and arms the walls they stow,
Whose rising height commands the plain below:
There from aloft the Soldan strikes the eyes,
In form a giant of stupendous size!
There, on the ramparts, flaming from afar,
The fierce Argantes tow'rs with threat'ning air:
And where the highest fort its summit rears,
The fam'd Clorinda o'er the rest appears,
And, stor'd with darts, her deadly quiver bears.
Already in her hand the bow she tries,
Now strains the nerve, and now the shaft applies.
Eager to strike, the lovely archer stands,
And waits, with longing eyes, the hostile bands.

So feign'd of old, from Heav'n's ethereal height,
The Delian virgin dealt a feather'd flight.
  The hoary king, forgetful of his state,
Within the city moves from gate to gate;
Renews again his orders on the wall,
And breathes a hope and confidence in all:
Here adds supplies of men, and there provides
Fresh store of arms, and o'er the whole presides.
But to the fanes the matrons sad repair,
And seek their fabl'd god with fruitless pray'r.
  O, hear our vows! thy righteous arm advance,
And sudden break the Christian robber's lance!
And him who dares thy hallow'd name offend,
Now prone beneath the lofty gates extend!
  While thus the city bends her diff'rent cares,
The pious chief his arms and troops prepares:
And first he leads the foot, a num'rous train,
In skilful order marshall'd on the plain:
Then in two squadrons he divides his pow'rs,
T'attack, on either side, the hostile tow'rs.
The huge Balistæ in the midst appear,
And ev'ry dreadful implement of war;
Whence on the walls, like thunderbolts, are thrown
Enormous darts, and crags of pond'rous stone.
The heavy arm'd the weaker foot sustain;
The lighter horse are sent to scour the plain.
At length the word is giv'n, the signals sound;
The bows are bent, the slings are whirl'd around:
Their deathful rage the mighty engines pour,
And gall the Pagans with a rocky show'r:

Some quit their posts, and others headlong fall;
And thinn'd appear the ranks that guard the wall.
The Franks, impatient now to prove their force,
More near the walls advance with eager course.
Some, shield to shield in closest texture laid,
Above their heads an ample cov'ring made;
And some, beneath machines, in safety move:
A sure defence from falling stones above.
And now the fosse th'advancing soldiers gain,
And seek the depth to level with the plain.
(The bottom firm, a safe foundation show'd)
This soon they fill'd: a late impervious road!
Adrastus foremost of the troop appears,
And 'gainst the walls a scaling-ladder rears.
Boldly he mounts, while round his head they pour
The stones and sulphur in a mingl'd show'r:
The fierce Helvætian wond'ring crowds survey,
Who now had finish'd half his airy way;
When lo! with fury sent, a rugged stone,
With rapid force, as from an engine thrown,
(Sent by the vigour of Circassian's knight)
Struck on his helm, and hurl'd him from his height.
Nor wound ensu'd, nor mortal was the stroke,
Yet prone he tumbl'd, senseless, with the shock:
Then thus Argantes, with a threat'ning cry:
Fall'n is the first: who dares the second try?
Behold, I fearless stand before your sight;
Why, warriors, draw ye not to open fight?
Think not those sheds can fence your dastard train,
For you, like beasts, shall in your caves be slain!

He said; yet not for this the Christians stay;
But in their coverts still pursue their way:
While others on their fencing bucklers bear
The storm of arrows, and the rattling war.
Now to the walls the batt'ring rams drew nigh:
Enormous engines, dreadful to the eye!
Strong iron plates their massy heads compose;
The gates and ramparts fear th'approaching blows.
'Gainst these a hundred hands their aid supply,
And roll vast beams and ruins from on high:
The pond'rous fragments thunder on the fields;
At once they break the well-compacted shields,
And the crush'd helmet to the fury yields!
The plain is strewn with arms, and cover'd o'er
With shatter'd bones, and brains, and mingl'd gore!
The fierce assailants now, for bolder fight,
Forth from their covert rush to open light.
Some place their ladders, and the height ascend;
Against the ramparts some their engines bend.
The rams begin to shake the batter'd wall;
The nodding bulwarks threat a sudden fall.
But, watchful, from the town the foes prepare
Each various method of defensive war;
And where the forceful beams impetuous drove,
A mass of wool, suspended from above,
Whose yielding substance breaks the dreadful blows,
The wary Pagans 'gainst the storm oppose.
While thus with dauntless hearts, the warrior-train
Against the walls the bold attack maintain,

Sev'n times her twanging bow Clorinda drew,
As oft her arrow from the bow-string flew;
And ev'ry shaft that to the plain she sped,
Its steel and feathers dy'd with blushing red.
The noblest warriors drench'd her weapons o'er,
She scorn'd to dip their points in vulgar gore.
The first who, 'midst the tumult of the war,
Felt her keen darts, was England's youngest care.
Scarce from his fence his head appear'd in view,
When wing'd with speed the vengeful arrow flew:
Swift thro' his better hand it held its course,
Nor could the steelly gauntlet stop the force.
Disabl'd thus, with grief he left the plain,
And deeper groan'd with anger than with pain.
Then, near the fosse, the earl of Amboise fell:
Clotharius mounting, found the deadly steel.
That, pierc'd from back to breast, reluctant dy'd;
This headlong fell, transfix'd from side to side.
The Flemish chief the batt'ring engine heav'd,
When his left arm the sudden wound receiv'd,
He stay'd, and furious strove to draw the dart,
But left the steel within the wounded part.
To rev'rend Ademar, who, plac'd afar,
Incautious, stood to view the raging war,
The fatal reed arriv'd; his front it found;
He try'd to wrench the weapon from the wound:
Another dart, with equal fury sent,
Transfix'd his hand, and thro' his visage went.
He fell, and falling, pour'd a purple flood,
And stain'd the virgin-shaft with holy blood.

As Palamede to scale the bulwarks strove,
In his right eye the fatal arrow drove;
Thro' all the optic nerves its passage tore,
And issu'd at his nape, besmear'd with gore:
At once he tumbles, with a dreadful fall,
And dies beneath the well-contested wall.
While thus the virgin round her shafts bestows,
With new devices Godfrey press'd his foes:
Aside he brought against a portal near,
The largest of his huge machines of war;
A tow'r of wood, stupendous to the sight,
Whose top might mate the lofty ramparts height:
Its ample womb could arms and men contain;
And, roll'd on wheels, it mov'd along the plain.
Near and more near, the bulk enormous drew,
While from within the darts and jav'lins flew.
But, from the threaten'd walls, the wary foes
With spears and stones th'advancing pile oppose.
Against the front and sides their strokes they bend,
And heavy fragments on the wheels they send.
So thick, on either side, the jav'lins pour,
The air is darken'd with the missile show'r:
Cloud meets with cloud, and, clashing in the sky,
Back to the senders oft the weapons fly.
As from the trees are torn the shatter'd leaves,
What time the grove the stormy hail receives;
As ripen'd fruit from loaded branches falls,
So fell the Pagans from the lofty walls:
While others that surviv'd, with deep dismay,
Fled from the huge machine's tremendous sway.

Not so the Soldan; fearless he remain'd,
And with him many on the height detain'd.
Then fierce Argantes thither bent his course,
And seiz'd a beam t'oppose the hostile force.
Firm in his hand th'enormous weight he held,
By this his mighty strength the tow'r repell'd,
And kept aloof. With these the martial * fair
Appear'd, their glory and their toils to share.
Meanwhile, with scythes prepar'd, the Franks divide
The cords to which the woolly fence is ty'd.
No more sustain'd, at once on earth it falls,
And undefended leaves the threaten'd walls.
Now from the Christian tow'r, more fierce below,
The thund'ring ram redoubles ev'ry blow.
A breach is made; when, fir'd with martial fame,
The mighty Godfrey to the bulwarks came:
His body cover'd with his amplest shield
(A weight his arm was seldom wont to wield)
He saw, as round he cast his careful view,
Where from the walls fierce Solyman withdrew,
And swift to guard the dang'rous passage flew;
While still Clorinda and Circassia's knight,
Maintain'd their station on the rampart's height.
He sees, and instant from Sigero's hands,
A lighter buckler and his bow demands.
Myself, he crys, will first the deed essay
Thro' yon disjointed stones, to force the way:
'Tis time to shew some act that merits praise,
That may to either host our glory raise.

* CLORINDA.

Then, changing shields, he scarce the word had said,
When from the wall a vengeful arrow fled:
The destin'd passage in his leg it found,
Where strong each nerve, and painful is the wound.
The deadly shaft from thee, Clorinda, came!
To thee alone the world ascribes the fame.
This day, preserv'd by thy unerring bow,
Thy Pagan friends to thee their safety owe.
But still the troops the dauntless leader fires;
Still o'er his works his daring foot aspires:
Till now he feels the wound's increasing pains;
No more the leg his sinking bulk sustains.
To noble Guelpho then a sign he made:
Behold, compell'd I leave the field (he said);
Thou, in my place, a leader's task sustain,
And, in my absence, head my social train.
Soon will I turn, the combat to renew—
He said, and on a courser thence withdrew,
Yet not unnoted by the Pagan crew.
Thus parts th'unwilling hero from his post,
And, with him, fortune quits the Christian host;
While on the adverse side their force increas'd,
And hope, rekindling, dawn'd in ev'ry breast.
In ev'ry Christian heart now terrors rose,
And chilling fears their former ardour froze:
Already flew their weapons, slow to wound;
And their weak trumpets breath'd a fainter sound.
Now on the ramparts height again appear
The bands, so late dispers'd with coward fear.

Incited by Clorinda's glorious sires,
Their country's love the female train inspires:
Eager they run to prove the tasks of war,
With vestments girded and dishevell'd hair.
They hurl the dart; nor fear, where danger calls,
T'expose their bosoms for their native walls.
But that which most the Franks with doubts oppress'd,
And banish'd fear from ev'ry Pagan breast,
The mighty Guelpho, 'midst the rage of fight,
Fell by a wound, in either army's sight:
Amongst a thousand fates, on earth o'erthrown,
Sent from afar, he felt the missile stone.
Another stone alike on Raymond flew,
And prone to earth the hoary warrior threw.
While in the fosse the brave Eustatius stood,
A weapon deeply drank his gen'rous blood.
This hour (ill fated for the Christian train)
No Pagan weapon flies which flies in vain.
Fir'd with success, and swell'd to loftier pride,
The fierce Circassian rais'd his voice, and cry'd.
Not Antioch this; nor now the shades extend,
The shades of night that Christian frauds befriend!
A wakeful foe ye view, an open light,
Far other forms, far other tasks of sight!
No sparks of glory now your soul enflame;
No more ye thirst for plunder or for fame;
Do ye so soon from weak attacks refrain?
O less than women, in the shape of men!
He spoke, and scorn'd, in narrow walls confin'd,
To hide the purpose of his daring mind.

With eager bounds he seeks the wall below,
Where gaping stones a dang'rous passage show.
While dauntless there to guard the pass he flies,
To Solyman, who stood beside, he cries.
Lo, Solyman, the place, the destin'd hour,
In danger's field to prove our martial pow'r.
Why this delay? O! rouze thy noble sire!
Who prizes fame must here to fame aspire.
He said; and either warrior's ardor grows:
At once they issue where the combat glows,
And, unexpected, thunder on the foes.
Beneath their arms what numbers press the ground!
What broken shields and helms are scatter'd round!
What rams and ladders cleft in ruins fall,
And raise new ramparts for the shatter'd wall!
Now those, who lately hop'd the town to gain,
Can scarce in arms the doubtful fight maintain.
At length they yield, and to the furious pair
Resign their engines and machines of war.
The Pagan chiefs, as native fury sway'd,
With dreadful shouts invoke the city's aid.
Now here, now there, they call for fiery brands,
And arm with flaming pines their dreadful hands;
Then on the tow'r with furious haste they bend:
So from the black Tartarian gates ascend
Pluto's dire ministers (tremendous names!)
With hissing serpents and infernal flames!
Tancred no less with thirst of fame inspir'd,
In other parts his hardy Latians fir'd!

When now the spreading carnage he beheld,
And saw the torches blazing o'er the field,
He left the walls, and turn'd his rapid course
T'oppose the Saracens impetuous force.
He comes; he turns the scale of victory;
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly!
  Thus stood the war, while from the martial band
His lofty tent the wounded leader gain'd.
Baldwin and good Sigero near him stood,
And round of mourning friends a pensive crowd.
He strove to draw the shaft with eager speed,
And broke within the flesh the feather'd reed:
Then swift he bade explore the wounded part,
And bare a passage for the barbed dart.
Restore me swift to arms (the hero cries)
Ere rising night th'unfinish'd strife surprize.
Now old Erotimus t'assist him stood,
Who drew his birth by Po's imperial flood;
Who well the pow'r of healing simples knew,
The force of plants, and ev'ry virtuous dew:
Dear to the muse; but, pleas'd with lowly fame,
He gain'd by private arts an humbler name!
His skill could mortals from the grave reprieve!
His verse could bid their names for ever live!
  All unconcern'd the godlike chief appears,
While ev'ry pale assistant melts in tears.
The sage physician for the task prepares;
He girds his vesture, and his arm he bares;
With lenient med'cine bathes th'afflicted part,
And with a gentle hand attempts the dart.

With pincers next the stubborn steel he strains;
Yet fix'd it stands, and mocks his utmost pains.
What means shall next his baffl'd art devise,
Since Fortune thus her fav'ring aid denies?
Full soon the chief th'increasing anguish found,
And fleeting life hung doubtful in the wound.
But now the guardian-angel, touch'd with grief,
From Ida's summit brought the wish'd relief;
A branch of dittany, of wond'rous pow'r,
Whose downy foliage bears a purple flow'r:
By Nature taught (th'instructress of their kind)
The mountain-goats its secret virtue find;
What time they feel the winged dart from far,
And in their wounded sides the arrow bear.
With this, tho' distant thence the region lies,
The pitying angel in a moment flies:
Unseen, with this, the vase prepar'd he fills,
And odorif'rous panacy distils.
The leech anoints the part, and (strange to tell!)
Loos'd from the wound, the shaft spontaneous fell.
The blood forbore to flow, the anguish ceas'd,
And strength return'd, in ev'ry nerve increas'd.
Then thus Erotimus with wonder cries,
No skill of mine thy sudden cure supplies:
A greater pow'r his timely aid extends;
Some guardian-angel from his heav'n descends:
I see celestial hands! — To arms! to arms!
Return, and rouze again the war's alarms!
He said; and Godfrey, eager for the fight,
Soon o'er his thighs dispos'd the cuishes bright.

He shook his pond'rous lance, his helmet lac'd,
And his forsaken shield again embrac'd.
He moves: a thousand on his steps attend;
Thence to the town their rapid march they bend.
With clouds of dust the face of heav'n is spread,
Wide shakes the earth beneath the warrior's tread.
The foes behold the squadron drawing near,
And feel their blood congeal'd with chilling fear.
Thrice on the field his voice the hero rear'd:
Full well the welcome sound his people heard;
The sound that oft was wont to cheer the fight;
Then, fir'd anew, they rouze their fainting might.
Still at the walls the haughty Pagans pair,
Plac'd in the breach, support the dang'rous war:
Firm in the pass a bold defence maintain
'Gainst noble Tancred and his valiant train.
Now sheath'd in arms, the glorious chief drew nigh,
Disdain and anger flashing from his eye:
On fierce Argantes all his force he bends,
And 'gainst the foe his lance impatient sends.
Not with more noife some stone enormous flies,
Sent by an engine thro' th'affrighted skies;
Thro' sounding air its course the jav'lin held;
Argantes, fearless, lifts th'opposing shield.
The riven target to the force gives way,
Nor can the corslet's plates the fury stay.
Thro' shatter'd armour flies the missile wood,
And dips its thirsty point in Pagan blood.
Swift from his side the lance Argantes drew,
And to its lord again the weapon threw:

Receive thy own, he cry'd — but, stooping low,
The wary Christian disappoints the foe:
The deadly point the good Sigero found;
Full in his throat he felt the piercing wound:
Yet with a secret joy he sunk in death,
Pleas'd, in his sov'reign's stead, to yield his breath.
 A craggy flint the raging Soldan threw;
Resistless on the Norman chief it flew;
Stunn'd with the dreadful blow, he reel'd around,
Then sudden tumbl'd headlong to the ground.
No longer Godfrey now his wrath repell'd,
Grasp'd in his hand the flaming sword he held;
And now to nearer fight his foes defy'd:
What deeds had soon been wrought on either side!
But night, to check their rage, her veil display'd,
And wrapt the warring world in peaceful shade:
Then Godfrey, ceasing, left th'unfinish'd fray:
So clos'd the dreadful labours of the day!
 But ere the chief retir'd, with pious care,
He bade the wounded from the field to bear:
Nor would he leave (a welcome prey) behind
His warlike engines to the foes resign'd.
Safe from the walls he drew the loftiest tow'r,
Tho' broke and crush'd with many a horrid show'r.
So seems a ship from seas and tempests borne,
Her planks all shatter'd, and her canvas torn,
When 'scap'd from furious winds and roaring tides,
Within the port she scarce securely rides.
The broken wheels no more the tow'r sustain,
Heavy and slow it drags along the plain,
The weight supported by th'assisting train.

And now the workmen h[illegible], with ready care,
To search the pile, and ev'ry breach repair:
So Godfrey bade, who will'd that morning light
Should view the wond'rous tow'r renew'd for fight:
On ev'ry side his watchful thoughts he cast,
And guards around the lofty engine plac'd.
But, from the walls, their speech the Pagans hear,
And strokes of hammers breaking on the ear:
A thousand torches gild the dusky air,
And all their purpose and their toils declare.

END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL * THE TANJORE

THE

TWELFTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

ARGANTES and Clorinda undertake by night to burn the tower of the Christians. Arfetes, who had brought up Clorinda from her infancy, endeavours to dissuade her from the enterprize, but in vain: he then relates to her the story of her birth. The two adventurers sally from the town, and set fire to the tower: the Christians take arms: Argantes retreats before them, and gains the city in safety; but the gates being suddenly closed, Clorinda is left amongst the enemy. Tancred, not knowing her, pursues her as she is retiring towards the walls. They engage in a dreadful combat: Clorinda is slain; but before she dies, receives baptism from the hand of Tancred. His grief and lamentation.

THE

TWELFTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

'TWAS night; but either host, with cares oppress'd,
Reliev'd not yet their toils with balmy rest;
Here, under covert of the gloomy hour,
The busy Franks repair'd their batter'd tow'r;
And there the Pagans, press'd with equal care,
Review'd their bulwarks tott'ring from the war,
And prop'd the walls. Alike, on either side,
The warriors wounds each skilful leech employ'd.
Now deeper darkness brooded on the ground,
And many an eye was clos'd in sleep profound;
But not in slumber sunk the * martial dame,
Whose gen'rous bosom ever pants for fame:
With her Argantes join'd, the watch partook;
Then thus in secret to her soul she spoke:

* CLORINDA.

What wond'rous praise has Solyman obtain'd?
What, by his deeds to-day, Argantes gain'd?
Alone, amidst yon num'rous host to go,
And crush the engines of the Christian foe!
While I (how poor the vaunted fame I share!)
Here plac'd aloft maintain'd a distant war:
'Tis true, my shafts may boast successful aim:
And is this all a woman's hand can claim?
'Twere better far in woods and wilds to chace,
And pierce with darts remote the savage race,
Than here, when manly valour braves the field,
Appear a maid in feats of arms unskill'd.
She said; and soon revolving in her breast
Heroic deeds, Argantes thus addrest:
Long has my soul unusual ardor prov'd,
And various thoughts this restless bosom mov'd:
I know not whether God th'attempt inspires,
Or man can form a God of his desires.
See! from yon vale the Christians glimm'ring light—
My mind impels me, this auspicious night,
To burn their tow'r; at least the deed be try'd,
And for th'event let Heav'n alone provide.
But should it chance (the fate of war unknown)
The foes forbid me to regain the town;
I leave my damsel-train thy care to prove,
And one that loves me with a father's love:
Protect them, chief! and safe to Egypt send
My mourning virgins, and my aged friend:
O grant my prayer! — This duty from thy hands
Those claim by sex, and this by age demands.

With wonder fill'd, Argantes heard the dame,
And caught the kindling sparks of gen'rous flame,
Then shalt thou go, and leave me here behind,
Despis'd (he cry'd) among th'ignoble kind?
Think'st thou I shall behold with joyful eyes,
Secur'd, afar the curling flames arise?
No—if in arms I ever grac'd thy side,
Still let me here thy doubtful chance divide;
I too can boast a heart despising death,
That prizes honour, cheaply bought with breath!
O gen'rous chief! (reply'd the fearless maid)
In such resolves thy virtue stands display'd:
Yet here permit me to depart alone;
A loss like mine shall ne'er distress the town:
But (Heaven avert the omen!) should'st thou fall,
What hand shall longer guard Judæa's wall?
In vain is each pretence (the knight rejoin'd)
For fix'd remains the purpose of my mind:
Behold I tread the path thy feet shall lead;
But, if refus'd, myself will dare the deed.
This said, they sought the careful king, who sate
In nightly council for the public state:
There, 'midst the brave and wise (an awful train)
They came; and first Clorinda thus began:
Vouchsafe a while, O king, to bend thy ear!
And what we proffer with acceptance hear:
Argantes vows (nor vainly boasts the pow'r)
With vengeful flames to burn yon hostile tow'r:
Myself will aid—our course alone we stay,
Till added toil the foes in slumber lay.

To Heav'n his trembling hands the monarch rears;
His wrinkled cheeks are wet with joyful tears:
All praise to thee, O Guardian Pow'r! (he cries)
Who still thy people view'st with gracious eyes!
Long wilt thou yet preserve my threaten'd reign,
When souls like these the town's defence maintain.
For you, ye pair, what praises can I find!
What gifts to equal your heroic mind!
Fame shall to distant times your worth proclaim,
And earth aloud repeat each glorious name.
Your deed be your reward. To this receive
Such recompense as fits a king to give.
Thus Aladine; and as he spoke, he press'd,
Now this, now that, with transport to his breast.
No more the list'ning Soldan could controul
The gen'rous emulation in his soul:
Think not (he cry'd) in vain this sword I wear:
This hand with you shall ev'ry labour bear.
Then let us issue all (the maid rejoin'd)
Should'st thou depart, who dares remain behind?
And now, with envy fill'd and jealous pride,
Argantes his consent had here deny'd;
But strait the word Judæa's monarch took,
And mildly thus the chief of Nice bespoke.
Intrepid warrior! whom no dangers fright,
Nor toil can weary in the day of fight:
Full well I deem that, issuing on the foe,
Thy deeds would worthy of thy courage show:
But much unmeet it seems, that, parting all,
None fam'd in arms remain within the wall.

Nor would I these permit th'attempt to dare,
(So high their safety and their lives I bear)
Were this a work of less important kind,
Or meaner hands could act the part design'd.
But since, so well 'gainst ev'ry chance dispos'd,
The lofty tow'r is round with guards enclos'd,
No little force can hope the pass to gain;
Nor must we issue with a num'rous train:
Let these who claim the task, this valiant pair,
Oft prov'd before in ev'ry risk of war,
Let these alone depart, in happy hour,
Whose strength is equal to a legion's pow'r;
While thou, as best befits thy regal state,
Here with the rest remain within the gate.
And when (so fate succeed the glorious aim)
These shall return and wide have spread the flame,
If chance a hostile band pursue their course,
Then haste and guard them from superior force.
So spoke the king; nor aught the Turk rejoin'd,
Tho' discontent lay rankling in his mind.
Then thus Ismeno: You who boldly dare
Th'advent'rous task, a while th'attempt forbear;
Till various mixtures, cull'd with art, I frame,
To burn the hostile tow'r with sudden flame;
Perchance the guards, that now the pile surround,
May then be lost in friendly slumbers drown'd.
To this they yield; and each apart retir'd,
Expects the season for the deed desir'd.
And now Clorinda threw her vest aside,
With silver wrought; her helmet's crested pride:

For these (ill omen!) sable arms she wore,
And sable casque that no plum'd honours bore.
She deem'd it easier, thus disguis'd to go,
And pierce the watchful squadrons of the foe.
The eunuch, old Arsetes, near her stay'd,
Who from her childhood bred the warrior-maid;
Who all her steps with faithful age pursu'd,
And near her now a trusty guardian stood;
He saw the virgin change her wonted arms;
Her rash design his anxious breast alarms:
He weeps, adjures her oft with earnest pray'rs,
By his long service, by his silver hairs;
By the dear mem'ry of his former pains,
To cease th'attempt; but she unmov'd remains.
To whom he said,—Since, bent on future ill,
Thou stand'st resolv'd thy purpose to fulfil;
Since neither helpless age, nor love like mine,
Nor tears, nor pray'rs, can change thy dire design,
Attend:—My tongue shall wond'rous things reveal.
No longer now thy former state conceal.
That done, no more I strive thy thoughts to shake;
Resume thy purpose, or my council take.
He said. With eyes intent the virgin stood,
While thus the rev'rend sire his speech pursu'd.
  In Ethiopia once Senapus reign'd
(And still perchance he rules the happy land)
Who kept the precepts giv'n by Mary's Son,
Where yet the sable race his doctrines own.
There I, a Pagan liv'd, remov'd from man,
The queen's attendant 'midst the female train.

Tho' native gloom was o'er her features spread,
Her beauty triumph'd thro' the dusky shade.
Her husband lov'd—but ah! was doom'd to prove
At once th'extremes of jealousy and love:
He kept her close, secluded from mankind,
Within a lonely deep recess confin'd;
While the sage matron mild submission pay'd,
And what her lord decreed, with joy obey'd.
 Her pictur'd room a sacred story shows,
Where, rich with life, each mimic figure glows:
There, white as snow, appears a beauteous maid,
And near a dragon's hideous form display'd.
A champion thro' the beast a jav'lin sends,
And in his blood the monster's bulk extends.
 Here oft the queen her secret faults confess'd,
And, prostrate, here her humble vows address'd.
At length her womb, disburthen'd, gave to view
(Her offspring thou) a child of snowy hue.
Struck with th'unusual birth, with looks amaz'd,
As on some strange portent, the matron gaz'd:
She knew what fears possess'd her husband's mind,
And hence to hide thee from his sight design'd,
And, as her own, expose to public view
A new-born infant like herself in hue:
And since the tow'r, in which she then remain'd,
Alone her damsels and myself contain'd;
To me, who lov'd her with a faithful mind,
Her infant charge she unbaptiz'd consign'd:
With tears and sighs she gave thee to my care,
Remote from thence the precious pledge to bear.

What tongue her sorrows and her plaints can tell,
How oft she press'd thee with a last farewell?
With streaming tears each tender kiss is drown'd,
While frequent sighs her falt'ring words confound;
At length, with lifted eyes, O God! (she cry'd)
By whom the secrets of my breast are try'd;
If still my thoughts have undefil'd remain'd,
And still my heart its constancy maintain'd,
(Not for myself I ask thy pitying grace,
A thousand sins, alas! my soul deface!)
O! keep this harmless babe, to whom, distrest,
A mother thus denies her kindly breast:
Give her from me her spotless life to frame,
But copy in her fate some happier name!
Thou, heav'nly chief! whose arm the serpent brav'd,
And from his rav'nous jaws the virgin sav'd;
If e'er I tapers burn'd with rites divine,
Or offer'd gold and incense at thy shrine,
For her I pray, that she, thy faithful maid,
On thee, in ev'ry chance, may call for aid!
She ceas'd; her heart convulsive anguish wrung,
And on her face a mortal sorrow hung.
With tears I took thee, and with care bestow'd
Within a chest, with leaves and flow'rs o'erstrow'd,
And bore thee thence conceal'd, a pleasing load!
At length, remote my lonely footsteps stray'd
Amidst a forest thick with horrid shade:
When, lo! a tigress drawing near I view'd,
Her threat'ning eyes suffus'd with rage and blood:

Wild with affright I left thee on the ground,
And climb'd a tree, and thence my safety found.
The furious beast now cast her eyes aside,
And thee, deserted, on the herbage spy'd:
Intent she seem'd to gaze, and milder grew,
Till all the fierceness from her looks withdrew.
Approaching nigh, she fawn'd in wanton play,
And lick'd your infant-members as you lay;
While you, secure, the savage form caress'd,
And strok'd with harmless hand her dreadful crest.
She offer'd then her teats, and (strange to view!)
Thy willing lips the milky moisture drew.
With anxious fear and wonder I beheld
A sight so new, that all belief excell'd.
Soon as she found thee sated with the food,
The beast departed, and regain'd the wood.
Then hast'ning down to where on earth you lay,
I with my charge resum'd my former way:
Till, 'midst a village, my retreat I made,
In secret there thy infancy was bred:
And there I dwelt till, coursing round, the moon
Had sixteen changing months to mortals shewn;
Till thy young feet began their steps to frame,
And from thy tongue imperfect accents came.
But sinking now, as middle life declin'd,
To hoary age, the winter of mankind;
Enrich'd with gold, which with a bounteous hand
The Queen had giv'n me when I left the land,
I loath'd this irksome life, with wand'ring tir'd,
And to review my native soil desir'd;

There, 'midst my friends, to pass my latter days,
And cheer my ev'nings with a social blaze.
To Egypt then I turn'd, my natal shore,
And thee the partner of my journey bore.
When, lo! a flood we gain—there thieves enclose
My doubtful pass, and here the current flows.
What should I do, reluctant to forego
My dearest charge, or trust the barb'rous foe?
I take the flood; one hand the torrent braves;
And one sustains thee while I plough the waves.
Swift was the stream, and in its midmost course
A circling eddy whirl'd with rapid force:
There round and round, with giddy motion tost,
Sudden I sunk in depth of waters lost;
Thee soon I miss'd; but thee the waters bore,
And winds propitious wafted to the shore.
Breathless and faint at length I reach'd the land,
And there, with joy, my dearest pledge regain'd.
But now what Time to dusky shade consign'd,
Night spreads her veil of silence o'er mankind,
Behold a warrior in my dream appear'd,
And o'er my head a naked falchion rear'd.
Hear my command! (he cry'd with threat'ning air)
What once a mother trusted to thy care;
Thy infant charge with sacred rites baptize;
Belov'd of Heaven, with me her safety lies:
For her to rav'nous beasts I pity gave,
And breath'd a living spirit in the wave.
Oh wretched thou! if, such a warning giv'n,
Thou dar'st to slight the messenger of Heav'n!

He ceas'd; I wak'd, and then resum'd my way
Soon as the morn reveal'd her early ray.
But, partial to my faith, I kept thee still,
Nor would thy mother's last commands fulfill:
I heeded not the visions of the night,
But bred thy youth in ev'ry Pagan rite.
Mature in years, now shone thy dauntless mind
Above thy sex, the rival of mankind!
In many a fight thy deeds have glory won;
Thy fortune since full well to thee is known.
In me thou still hast prov'd, in peace or war,
A servant's duty and a parent's care.
As yester-morn my mind, with thought opprest,
Lay senseless in a deep, a death-like rest,
The phantom-warrior came with fiercer look,
And dreadful with a louder accent spoke.
Lo, wretch! th'appointed hour at hand (he cry'd)
That must Clorinda from this life divide.
In thy despite the virgin shall be mine,
And thee to tears and anguish I resign.
He said, and vanish'd swift to fleeting air:
Then hear, my best belov'd! my tend'rest care!
For thee these threat'ning visions Heav'n has sent;
To thee, alas! foretells some dire event;
Perchance displeas'd by me to see thee train'd
In rites unpractis'd in thy natal land;
Remote perhaps from truth.—O! yet forbear;
Consent no longer now those arms to wear:
Suppress thy daring, and relieve my care.
He ceas'd, and wept. In deep suspense she stay'd:
A dream like his her troubl'd soul dismay'd:

At length her looks she clear'd, and thus reply'd:
That faith, which seems the truth, be still my guide;
The faith I learn'd from thee in early years,
Which now thou seek'st to shake with causeless fears:
Nor will I (noble minds such thoughts disdain)
Forego these arms, or from th'attempt refrain,
Tho' death, in ev'ry shape that mortals fear,
Should undisguis'd before my eyes appear.
So spoke the gen'rous maid, and gently strove
To calm his anguish and his doubts remove.
Now came the season for the deed design'd,
When 'parting thence th'expecting * knight she join'd;
Ismeno, with his words, their zeal inspir'd
(But no incitement either breast requir'd)
And to their hands two sulph'rous balls consign'd,
With secret fire in hollow reeds confin'd.
Now thro' the night their silent march they bend,
Now leave the city, and the hill descend:
Till near the place arriv'd, where, tow'ring high,
The hostile engine rises to the sky;
No longer can their daring souls restrain
The warmth that breathes in ev'ry glowing vein.
Too eager now, their quicken'd pace alarms
The watchful guard, who call aloud to arms.
No more conceal'd remain the gen'rous pair,
But boldly rushing forth, provoke the war.
As missile stones from batt'ring engines fly,
As forky thunders rend the troubl'd sky;

* ARGANTES.

One instant sees them, with resistless hand,
Attack, disperse, and penetrate the band.
'Midst clashing spears and hissing darts they flew,
And, unrepuls'd, their glorious task pursue:
Now, held in sight, the ready fires they raise:
Now, near the pile, the threat'ning vapours blaze;
Till on the tow'r the dreadful pest they bend:
On ev'ry side the curling flames ascend:
Heavy and thick the smoky volumes rise,
And shade with sable clouds the starry skies:
Flash follows flash, the mingl'd blaze aspires,
Till all the æther glows with ruddy fires!
Fann'd by the wind, the flame more furious grows:
Down falls the pile, the terror of the foes,
And one short hour the wond'rous work o'erthrows!
 Meanwhile with speed two Christian squadrons came,
Who from the field had seen the rising flame:
To these the bold Argantes turn'd, and vow'd
To quench the burning ruins with their blood:
Yet with Clorinda join'd, retreating still,
By slow degrees he gain'd the neighb'ring hill;
While, like a flood, by sounding rains increas'd,
Behind their steps the eager Christians press'd.
 Soon was the gate unbarr'd, where ready stands
The king, surrounded with his num'rous bands,
To welcome back (if fate th'attempt succeed)
The pair triumphant from the glorious deed.
Now near the town the knight and virgin drew,
And swift behind the troop of Franks pursue;

These Solyman dispers'd: the portal clos'd,
But left Clorinda to the foe expos'd;
Alone expos'd; for while the hasty bands
Shut fast the sounding gate with ready hands,
She follow'd Arimon, by fury driv'n,
T'avenge the wound his luckless arm had giv'n:
His life she took: nor yet Argantes knew
That she, ill-fated! from the walls withdrew.
All cares were lost, the tumult of the fight
Amaz'd the senses 'midst the gloom of night.
At length, her rage allay'd with hostile blood,
The maid at leisure, all her peril, view'd
The numbers round, and clos'd the friendly gate,
She deem'd her life a prey to certain fate.
But when she finds no Christian eye descries
The hostile warrior in the dark disguise,
New schemes of safety in her mind arise.
Herself securely 'midst the ranks she throws,
And undiscover'd mingles with the foes.
Then, as the wolf retires besmear'd with blood,
And seeks the shelter of the distant wood,
So, favour'd by the tumult of the night,
The dame, departing, shunn'd the prying sight.
Tancred alone perceiv'd, with heedful view,
Some Pagan foe, as near the place he drew.
He came what time she Arimon had slain,
Then mark'd her course, and follow'd o'er the plain:
Eager he burn'd to prove her force in fight,
Esteem'd a warrior worthy of his might,
Her sex unknown. And now the virgin went

A winding way along the hill's ascent:
Impetuous he pursu'd; but ere he came,
His clashing armour rous'd th'unwary dame.
Then turning swift, What bringst thou here? (she cry'd)
Lo! war and death I bring! (the chief reply'd)—
Then war and death (the virgin said) I give;
What thou to me would'st bring, from me receive!
Intrepid then she stay'd; the knight drew near;
But when he saw the foe on foot appear,
He left his steed to meet in equal war.
Now with drawn swords they rush the fight to wage:
With fury thus two jealous bulls engage.
What glorious deeds on either part were done,
That claim'd an open field and conscious sun!
Thou, Night, whose envious veil with dark disguise,
Conceal'd the warriors acts from human eyes,
Permit me from thy gloom to snatch their fame,
And give to future times each mighty name:
So shall they shine, from age to age display'd,
For glories won beneath thy sable shade!
All art in fight the dusky hour denies,
And fury now the place of skill supplies.
The meeting swords with horrid clangor sound;
Each whirls the falchion, each maintains the ground:
Alternate furies either breast enflame,
Alternate vengeance and alternate shame.
No pause, no rest th'impatient warriors know,
But rage to rage, and blow succeeds to blow:
Still more and more the combat seems to rise,
That scarce their weapons can their wrath suffice:

Till grappling fierce, in nearer strife they close,
And helm to helm, and shield to shield oppose.
Thrice in his nervous arms he held the maid;
And thrice elusive from his grasp she fled.
Again with threat'ning swords resum'd they stood,
And dy'd again the steel with mutual blood:
Till, spent with labour, each a while retir'd,
And faint and breathless from the fight respir'd.
  Now shines the latest star with fainter ray,
And ruddy streaks proclaim the dawning day:
Each views the foe; while, bending on the plain,
The swords revers'd, their sinking bulks sustain.
Then Tancred marks the blood that drains his foe,
But sees his own with less effusion flow.
He sees with joy: — O, mortals! blind to fate,
Too soon with fortune's fav'ring wind elate!
Ah, wretch! rejoice not: thou too soon shalt mourn;
Thy boast and triumph shall to sorrow turn!
Soon shall thy eyes distil a briny flood
For all those purple drops of precious blood!
  Thus for a while the weary warriors stay'd,
And, speechless, each the other's wounds survey'd.
At length the silence gallant Tancred broke,
Besought her name, and mildly thus bespoke:
  Hard is our fate to prove our mutual might,
When darkness veils our deeds from ev'ry sight:
But since ill fortune envies valour's praise,
And not a witness here our strife surveys;
If pray'rs from foes can e'er acceptance claim,
To me reveal thy lineage and thy name:

So shall I know, whate'er th'event be found,
Who makes my conquest or my death renown'd.
  Thou seek'st in vain (the haughty maid reply'd)
To fathom what my soul resolves to hide.
Yet, one of those thou seest (whate'er my name)
Who gave thy boasted engine to the flame.
  At this, with rage indignant Tancred burn'd:
In hapless hour thou speak'st (he thus return'd)
Alike thy speech, alike thy silence proves,
And either, wretch! my arm to vengeance moves.
  With rest refresh'd, with wrath enflam'd anew,
Again transported to the fight they flew.
What dreadful wounds on either side are giv'n!
Thro' arms and flesh the ruthless swords are driv'n.
Tho' faint with blood effus'd from ev'ry vein,
Their stagg'ring limbs can scarce their weight sustain,
Yet still they live and still maintain the strife,
Disdain and rage with-hold their fleeting life.
So seems th'Egean sea, the tempest past,
That here and there its troubl'd waters cast;
It still preserves the fury gain'd before,
And rolls the sounding billows to the shore.
  But now behold the mournful hour at hand,
In which the fates Clorinda's life demand.
Full at her bosom Tancred aim'd the sword;
The thirsty steel her lovely bosom gor'd:
The sanguine current stain'd with blushing red
Th'embroider'd vest that o'er her arms was spread.
She feels approaching death in ev'ry vein;
Her trembling knees no more her weight sustain:

But still the Christian knight pursues the blow,
And threats and presses close his vanquish'd foe:
She, as she falls, her voice, unhappy! rears,
And her last suit with moving tone prefers.
Some pitying angel form'd her last desire,
Where faith, and hope, and charity conspire!
On the fair rebel Heav'n such grace bestow'd,
And now in death requir'd the faith she ow'd.
'Tis thine, my friend! — I pardon thee the stroke —
O! let me pardon too from thee invoke! —
Not for this mortal frame I urge my pray'r,
For this I know no fear, and ask no care:
No, for my soul alone I pity crave;
O! cleanse my follies in the sacred wave!
Feebly she spoke; the mournful sounds impart
A tender feeling to the victor's heart;
His wrath subsides, while softer passions rise,
And call the tear of pity from his eyes.
Not far from thence, adown the mossy hill,
In gentle murmurs, roll'd a crystal rill:
There in his casque the limpid stream he took;
Then sad and pensive hasten'd from the brook.
His hands now trembl'd, while her helm he rear'd,
Ere yet the features of his foe appear'd; —
He sees! — he knows! — and senseless stands the knight!
O fatal knowledge! — O distracting sight!
Yet still he lives, and rouz'd with holy zeal,
Prepares the last sad duty to fulfil.
While from his lips he gave the words of grace,
A smile of transport brighten'd in her face:

Rejoic'd in death, she seem'd her joy to tell,
And bade for Heav'n the empty world farewell.
A lovely paleness o'er her features flew;
As vi'lets mix'd with lilies blend their hue.
Her eyes to Heav'n the dying virgin rais'd;
The heav'ns and sun with kindly pity gaz'd;
Her clay-cold hand, the pledge of lasting peace,
She gave the chief; her lips their music cease.
So life departing left her lovely breast;
So seem'd the virgin lull'd to silent rest!
  Soon as he found her gentle spirit fled,
His firmness vanish'd o'er the senseless dead.
Wild with his fate, and frantic with his pain,
To raging grief he now resigns the rein.
No more the spirits fortify the heart;
A mortal coldness freezes ev'ry part.
Speechless and pale like her the warrior lay,
And look'd a bloody corse of lifeless clay!
Then had his soul pursu'd the fleeting fair,
Whose gentle spirit hover'd yet in air;
But here it chanc'd a band of Christians came,
In search of water from the crystal stream:
Full soon their leader, with a distant view,
Well by his arms the Latian hero knew:
With him the breathless virgin he beheld,
And wept the fortune of so dire a field:
Nor would he leave (tho' deem'd of Pagan kind)
Her lovely limbs to hungry wolves consign'd:
But either burthen, on their shoulders laid,
To Tancred's tent the mournful troop convey'd.

Thus, step by step, their gentle march they took,
Nor yet the warrior from his trance awoke:
Yet oft he groan'd, and shew'd that fleeting life
Still in his breast maintain'd a doubtful strife;
While, hush'd and motionless, the damsel shew'd
Her spirit parted from its mortal load.
Thus either body to the camp they bear,
And there apart dispose with pious care.
  With ev'ry duteous rite, on either hand,
Around the wounded prince th'assistants stand.
And now, by slow degrees, he lifts his sight;
Before his eyes appears a glimm'ring light;
He feels the helping hand, the speech perceives,
Yet, scarce recov'ring, doubts if yet he lives:
Amaz'd, he gazes round:—at length he knows
The place, his friends, and thus laments his woes:—
  And do I live!—and do I yet survey
The hated beams of this unhappy day!
Ah! coward hand! to righteous vengeance slow!
Tho' deeply vers'd in ev'ry murd'rous blow!
Dar'st thou not, impious minister of death!
Transfix this heart, and stop this guilty breath?
But haply us'd to deeds of horrid stain,
Thou deem'st it mercy to conclude my pain.
Still, still 'tis mine with grief and shame to rove,
A dire example of disast'rous love!
While keen remorse for ever breaks my rest,
And raging furies haunt my conscious breast,
The lonely shades with terror must I view;
The shades shall ev'ry dreadful thought renew:

The rising sun shall equal horrors yield,
The sun that first the dire event reveal'd!
Still must I view myself with hateful eye,
And seek, tho' vainly, from myself to fly!—
But ah! unhappy wretch! what place contains
Of that ill-fated fair the chaste remains?
All that escap'd my rage, my brutal pow'r,
Perhaps the native of the woods devour!
Ah! hapless maid! 'gainst whom alike conspire
The woodland savage and the hostile ire!
O! let me join the dead on yonder plain,
(If still her beauteous limbs untouch'd remain)
Me too those greedy jaws alike shall tear;
Me too the monster in his paunch shall bear.
O! happy envy'd hour! (if such my doom)
That gives us both in death an equal tomb!
 And now he heard that near his tent was laid
The lifeless body of his much-lov'd maid.
At this a while his mournful look he clears
(So thro' the clouds a transient gleam appears)
And from the couch his wounded limbs he rears.
With falt'ring steps he thither bends his way
Where, plac'd apart, the hapless virgin lay:
But when arriv'd, he saw the wound impress'd
With which his hand had pierc'd her tender breast;
And deadly pale, yet calm as ev'ning's shade,
Beheld her face, with ev'ry rose decay'd,
His trembling knees had sunk beneath their load;
But here his circling friends their aid bestow'd,
Till thus again he vents his plaints aloud.

O sight! that e'en to death can sweetness give,
But cannot now, alas! my grief relieve!
O! thou dear hand, that once to mine was press'd,
The pledge of amity and peace confess'd;
What art thou now? Alas! how chang'd in death!
And what am I that still prolong my breath?
Behold those lovely limbs in ruin laid,
The dreadful work my impious rage has made!
This hand, these eyes, alike are cruel found,
That gave the stroke, and these survey the wound!
Tearless survey! — since tears are here deny'd,
My guilty blood shall pour the vital tide!
  He ceas'd; and groaning with his inmost breath,
Fix'd in despair and resolute on death,
Each bandage strait with frantic passion tore:
Forth gush'd from ev'ry wound the spouting gore:
But here excess of grief his will deceiv'd,
His senses fetter'd and his life repriev'd.
Then to his bed again the knight was borne;
His spirits to their hated home return.
And soon around the tongues of fame relate
The hero's sorrow, and his hapless fate.
Now Godfrey sought his tent; and with him came
Each noble chief a friend to Tancred's name.
But nor reproof nor soothing yields relief;
And words are vain to calm his rage of grief.
So when some limb a mortal wound receives,
Each probing hand increasing anguish gives.
But rev'rend Peter's care the rest transcends;
(A shepherd thus his sickly charge attends)

With awful words the lover's breast he moves,
And wisely thus his wand'ring thought reproves.
  Unhappy prince! why thus indulge thy shame!
Why thus forgetful of thy former fame!
Why thus obscure thy eye and deaf thy ear!—
View honour's charms, and virtue's summons hear.
Thy lord recalls thee to thy former post,
And shews the path thy erring feet have lost!
New tasks await thee in the field of fight,
The glorious station of a Christian knight!
Which thou hast left, by fatal love betray'd,
Lost in wild passion for a Pagan maid!
To thee this chast'ning is in mercy giv'n;
And thou, do'st thou reject the grace of Heav'n?
Think where thy errors tend; thy state survey,
To senseless sorrow a regardless prey!
Thy feet are tott'ring on the brink of death;
Behold th'eternal gulph that gapes beneath!
Think, Tancred, think! this impious grief controul,
That in a twofold death involves thy soul!
  He ceas'd; nor here in vain the youth assail'd;
The fear of second death o'er all prevail'd.
His yielding heart confess'd the kind relief;
Returning reason calm'd his raging grief:
Yet still the frequent sighs his sorrow speak;
Still from his tongue the mournful accents break.
With tender sound his lips invoke the fair,
Who lent, perchance, from Heav'n a pitying ear.
On her, when sets the sun and when returns,
He calls incessant, and incessant mourns.

So fares the nightingale, with anguish stung,
When some rude swain purloins her callow young,
Torn from the nest: all helpless and alone,
Each night she fills the woods with plaintive moan.
At length, one morn, as sleep his eyes opprest,
And o'er his sorrows shed the dews of rest,
Lo! in a dream, with starry robes array'd,
With heav'nly charms appear'd the warrior maid:
She seem'd to view him with a pitying look,
And dry'd his tears, and gently thus bespoke:—
Behold what glories round my person shine!
Then weep no more, thy faithful grief resign:
Such as I am, to thee my state I owe,
Who freed me from the vale of sin below:
Who made me worthy, 'midst the saints above,
To dwell with God in realms of endless love.
There wrapt in heav'nly bliss, and crown'd with grace,
My hopes prepare for thee an equal place;
Where thou shalt stand before th'eternal throne,
Partake my glories, and enjoy thy own!
Unless thyself reject the mercy giv'n,
Or sensual follies spurn the grace of Heav'n:
Then live!—and know thou hast Clorinda's love,
As far as earthly thoughts can souls immortal move.
So speaking, from her eyes the lightning came,
And all her features glow'd with holy flame;
Then lost in rays, she vanish'd from his sight,
And breath'd new comfort in the mourning knight.
Consol'd he wak'd; and, with a temp'rate mind,
To skilful hands his wounded limbs consign'd.

And next he bade t'inhume, with pious care,
The last dear relics of the breathless fair.
Tho' for the tomb no costly marbles came,
Nor hand Dedalean wrought the sculptur'd fame:
Yet, as the time allow'd, the stone they chose,
And o'er the grave the figur'd structure rose.
With fun'ral pomp the troops the corse convey'd,
While torches round their solemn light display'd.
High on the naked pine her arms were plac'd,
And ev'ry rite the martial virgin grac'd.
 Now Tancred sought the tomb his vows to pay,
Where, cold in death, her precious relics lay:
Soon as he reach'd the pile, in which, enshrin'd,
Repos'd the treasure of his tortur'd mind,
All pale and speechless for a time he stood;
A while, with eyes unmov'd, the marble view'd
At length, releas'd, the gushing torrents broke:
He drew a length of sighs, and thus he spoke:—
 O tomb rever'd! where all my hopes are laid;
O'er which my eyes such copious sorrows shed,
Thou bear'st not in thy womb a lifeless frame;
There love still dwells and lights his wonted flame;
Still, still, that form ador'd my breast inspires
With not less ardent, but more painful fires;
O give these kisses, give these mournful sighs
To that lov'd form that in thy bosom lies.
Should e'er her looks her blameless spirit turn
Where sleep these relics in the silent urn,
Would she thy pity or my tears reprove?
Nor scorn nor anger touch the blest above.

Ah! may she then my hapless crime forgive,
In that dear hope my soul consents to live!
She knows my erring hand the deed has wrought,
My heart was guiltless of so dire a thought:
Nor will she scorn that he who owns his flame,
Should still, till life shall cease, adore her name
Till Death shall bid me here no longer rove,
But join us both in mutual peace above.
Then in one tomb our mortal parts may rest;
And in one Heav'n our spirits may be blest.
So shall I dead enjoy what life deny'd.
O happy change! if fate such bliss provide!
  Thus he: but now the dreadful tidings flew,
And spread in whispers thro' the hostile crew.
At length, the certain tale divulg'd around,
With cries and female shrieks the walls resound,
As if the foes had ev'ry fortress won;
And one vast blaze involv'd the ruin'd town.
  But chief Arsetes ev'ry eye demands:
He o'er the rest in grief superior stands;
No tears from him, like common sorrows flow;
Too deep his bosom feels the frantic woe.
With sordid dust he stains his hoary hairs,
He strikes his aged breast, his cheeks he tears.
While fix'd on him the vulgar bend their look,
Thus in the midst the fierce Argantes spoke:—
  When first I heard the city-gates were clos'd,
And 'midst the foes the glorious dame expos'd,
Fain would I then have issu'd to her aid,
And shar'd one fortune with the hapless maid.

In vain I pray'd! — the king's command restrain'd;
And me reluctant in the town detain'd.
O! had I issu'd then, this faithful sword
Had safe the virgin to these walls restor'd:
Or, where her blood now stains the purple ground,
My days had run their race with glory crown'd!
What could I more? what means remain'd untry'd?
But men and gods alike my suit deny'd!
Pale lies she now, in fatal conflict slain!
Then hear what duties for this arm remain;
Hear all Jerusalem, my purpose hear;
And conscious Heav'n be witness whilst I swear:
I vow dire vengeance on the Christian's head!
And if I fail, on me thy bolts be shed!
The task be mine the murd'rer's life to take!
Ne'er shall this trusty sword my side forsake
Till deep in Tancred's heart it finds a way,
And leaves his corse to rav'nous fowls a prey!
  He spoke: well pleas'd his speech the Syrians hear,
And loud applauses rend the sounding air.
The hopes of vengeance all their pains relieve;
Each calms his sorrow, and forgets to grieve.
O empty words! O Heav'n in vain adjur'd!
Far other end disposing Fate ensur'd!
For, soon subdu'd, the Pagan boaster dies
By him who now, in thought, beneath his prowess lies.

END OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

THE

THIRTEENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

ISMENO, by his enchantments, raises the Dæmons, and appoints them to guard the wood which supplied the Christians with timbers to carry on the siege. The workmen being sent to fell the trees, are terrified, and return to the camp. Several of the chiefs successively attempt the adventure, but in vain. Tancred then undertakes it, and penetrates into the wood; but at length retires, deceived by new illusions. The Christian army is afflicted with a drought, by which it is reduced to the utmost extremity. A disaffection spreads amongst the troops, several of whom withdraw themselves under favour of the night. Godfrey invokes the assistance of Heaven, and the camp is relieved by a seasonable shower.

THE

THIRTEENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

But scarce, consum'd in smould'ring ashes, falls
Th'enormous pile that shook the Pagan walls,
When other schemes Ismeno's arts compose,
To save the ramparts from th'invading foes.
He bends his thought to guard the woodland shade,
From which the Franks their mighty beams convey'd;
That thus their engines they no more may rear,
Nor Sion more the threat'ning fury fear.
Not far from where encamp'd the Christian bands,
'Midst lonely vales, an aged forest stands:
Here, when the day with purest beams is bright,
The branches scarce admit a gloomy light;
Such as we view from morning's doubtful ray,
Or the faint glimm'rings of departing day.
But when the sun beneath the earth descends,
Here mournful night her deeper veil extends:

Infernal darkness seems the sight to fill !
And sudden terrors ev'ry bosom chill !
No shepherd here his flock to pasture drives ;
No village-swain, with lowing herd, arrives :
No pilgrim dares approach ; but, struck with dread,
In distant prospect shews the dreary shade.
Here, with their minions, midnight-hags repair,
Convey'd on flitting clouds thro' yielding air :
While one a dragon's fiery image bears ;
And one a goat's misshapen likeness wears.
And here they celebrate, with impious rite,
The feasts profane, and orgies of the night.
Thus went the fame : untouch'd the forest stood ;
No hand presum'd to violate the wood,
Till now the fearless Franks the trees invade :
From these alone their vast machines they made.

Here the magician came ; the hour he chose
When night around her deepest silence throws ;
Close to his loins he girt his flowing vest,
Then form'd his circle, and his signs imprest :
With one foot bare, within the magic round
He stood, and mutter'd many a potent sound.
Thrice turning, to the east his face was shewn ;
Thrice to the regions of the setting sun ;
And thrice he shook the wand, whose wond'rous force
Could from the tomb recall the bury'd corse :
As oft with naked foot the soil he struck,
Then thus aloud with dreadful accents spoke :—

Hear you ! who once by vengeful lightning driv'n,
Fell headlong from the starry plains of Heav'n !

Ye pow'rs who guide the storms and wint'ry war,
The wand'ring rulers of the middle air!
And you, the ministers of endless woe,
To sinful spirits in the shades below!
Inhabitants of Hell! your aid I claim;
And thine, dire monarch of the realms of flame!
Attend my will; these woods in charge receive;
To you consign'd each fatal plant I leave.
As human bodies human souls contain,
So you enshrin'd within these trees remain.
Thus shall the Christian fly, at least forbear
To fell this forest, and your anger fear.
He said; and added many an impious spell,
Dreadful to hear, and horrible to tell.
While thus he murmur'd, from the face of night,
Th'affrighted stars withdrew their glitt'ring light;
The moon, disturb'd, no more her beams reveal'd,
But, wrapt in clouds, her silver horns conceal'd.
Now, fill'd with wrath, he rais'd his voice again:
Why are you thus, ye fiends! invok'd in vain?
Why this delay? or do you wait to hear
More potent words, and accents more severe?
Tho' long disus'd, my mem'ry yet retains
Each deeper art that ev'ry pow'r constrains.
These lips can sound that name with terror heard,
That awful name by ev'ry dæmon fear'd;
The name that startles Hell's tremendous reign,
And calls forth Pluto from his own domain.
Hear, and attend!—No more th'enchanter said:
The spell was ended, and the fiends obey'd.

Unnumber'd spirits to the grove repair,
Of those that wander thro' the fields of air;
Of those that deep in earth's foundations lie,
In seats far distant from the cheerful sky.
Still in their mind they bear the high command
That late, from fields of fight, their host restrain'd:
Yet each compell'd, the direful charge receives,
Invades the trunk, or lurks beneath the leaves.
The sorc'rer now, his impious purpose wrought,
Without delay the monarch's presence sought.
O king! dismiss thy doubts (he thus begun)
Behold secur'd thy walls and regal throne!
No more the Christians, as their thoughts intend,
Can bid their tow'rs against the town ascend.
He said; and to the list'ning prince disclos'd
The various spells by magic pow'r compos'd.
Then thus pursu'd:—To what my lips have told,
As grateful tidings let me now unfold.
Know, Mars and Sol will soon their force combine
To dart their mutual beams from Leo's sign:
No fav'ring winds shall cool the burning ray,
No show'rs or dews refresh the sultry day.
Yet we may here the parching season bear,
Reliev'd with pleasing shade and gentle air;
This town such shelter yields, and plenteous streams,
And gentle gales to check the scorching beams;
While on the barren earth the Franks shall lie,
And feel the fury of th'inclement sky.
Thus, first subdu'd by Heav'n, th'Egyptian train
Shall o'er their host an easy conquest gain.

So shall the foes, without thy labour, yield:
Then tempt no more the fortune of the field.
But if too high Argantes' courage grows
To bear, what prudence wills, a short repose;
If still, as wont, he urge thee to the fight,
The care be thine to curb th'impetuous knight:
For soon will Heav'n on thee its peace bestow,
And whelm in ruin yon flagitious foe!
With joy the king these welcome tidings heard;
The engines of the foes no longer fear'd:
But not for this he ceas'd his watchful care
The walls to view, and ev'ry breach repair:
Alike the citizens the toils divide,
And various throngs the works incessant ply'd.
Meanwhile the pious chief, their labours known,
Resolv'd no more t'attempt the sacred town,
Till once again his lofty tow'r he rear'd,
And ev'ry engine for th'attack prepar'd.
Where, 'midst the wood the living timbers grew,
The workmen swift he sent the trees to hew.
These reach'd, at early dawn, the gloomy shade;
But sudden fears their trembling souls dismay'd.
As simple children dread the hour of night,
When fabled spectres fill their minds with fright,
So these were seiz'd with dread; yet scarce they knew
From what new cause th'unwonted terrors grew.
But fancy form'd perhaps a num'rous train
Of empty sphinxes and chimeras vain!
Back from the wood with speed the camp they sought,
And wild reports, and tales uncertain brought.

The Christian warriors scorn'd their dastard fears,
And heard their words with unbelieving ears.
Then Godfrey next dispatch'd a squadron try'd:
A valiant troop that ev'ry chance defy'd,
To succour those, and urge their fainting hands
To act with courage what their chief commands.
Now near they came, where, 'midst the horrid shade,
The fiends, conceal'd, their impious dwelling made.
Soon as their eyes the dreary seats behold,
Each beating heart is numb'd with freezing cold.
Yet on they move, while looks of boldness hide
Th'ignoble thoughts that ev'ry breast divide.
Arriv'd at length, within the vale they stood,
And reach'd the entrance of th'enchanted wood.
When sudden issu'd forth a rumbling sound,
As when an earthquake rocks the trembling ground.
A hollow noise, like murm'ring winds, they hear,
Or dashing billows breaking on their ear:
There serpents seem to hiss, and lions roar,
To howl the wolf, to grunt the tusky boar:
The trumpet's clangor sounds, the thunders roll,
And mingled clamours echo to the pole!
At once their bloodless cheeks their thoughts display'd;
A thousand signs their tim'rous hearts betray'd:
No more could discipline their ranks sustain;
A secret pow'r dismay'd the routed train.
At length they fled: when one, with looks confus'd,
To pious Godfrey thus their flight excus'd:—
"No more we boast, O chief! those woods to fell,
Impervious woods secur'd by hidden spell!

Infernal furies 'midst the gloom resort,
And Pluto there has fix'd his horrid court!
Of triple adamant his heart is made,
Who, unappall'd, beholds the fatal shade:
And more than mortal he who, free from fear,
Can the dire howlings and the thunders hear.
He said: and while he thus his tale pursu'd,
Amongst the list'ning chiefs Alcastus stood;
A man of courage rash, whose daring mind
Scorn'd ev'ry monster dreadful to mankind;
Nor storms nor earthquakes could his fear excite,
Nor aught that fills the world with pale affright.
He shook his head, and, smiling, thus reply'd:—
By me this arduous task shall soon be try'd:
Alone I go yon dreaded woods to fell,
Where visionary shapes and terrors dwell!
No ghastly spectres shall this hand restrain;
And fiends shall howl, and thunders roar in vain.
Behold my soul each threat'ning pow'r defies,
Tho' hell's dire passage gape before my eyes!
Boastful he spoke: the leader gave consent:
From thence, with daring steps, the warrior went.
At length the forest to his sight appear'd,
And from within the mingl'd noise was heard.
But still the knight pursu'd his course unmov'd;
No terrors yet his dauntless bosom prov'd.
Now had his feet the soil forbidden trod,
When lo! a rising fire his steps withstood!
Wide and more wide it spread, and seem'd to frame
Huge lofty walls, and battlements of flame!

The wond'rous fence around the wood extends,
And from the sounding ax its trees defends.
What monsters arm'd upon the ramparts stand!
What horrid forms compose the grisly band!
With threat'ning eyes some view him from afar;
And some, with clashing arms, the champion dare.
At length he flies, but with a tardy flight,
So parts a lion yielding in the fight.
Surpris'd, his conscious heart the doubts confest,
And own'd the fears that struggl'd in his breast.
Then, to the camp return'd, with humbl'd pride,
From ev'ry eye he sought the shame to hide:
Nor longer durst, his face with grief o'erspread,
Among the warriors lift his haughty head.
By Godfrey summon'd now, a while he stay'd,
And, with excuses vain, the time delay'd.
Slowly at length he came, unwilling spoke,
And from his lips imperfect accents broke.
Full well the leader saw his troubl'd mind,
And, by his looks, the boaster's flight divin'd.
What may (he cries) these strange events portend?
What tales are these that nature's laws transcend?
Is there a man who, fill'd with glorious heat,
Dares yet explore the forest's dark retreat?
Now let his courage yonder seats invade,
Or bring more certain tidings from the shade.
So spoke the chief: and three succeeding days
The boldest warriors, urg'd by thirst of praise,
Assay'd the dreary wood: but, struck with dread,
Each knight, by turns, the threat'ning terrors fled.

Now in her tomb has noble Tancred laid
The honour'd relics of his much-lov'd maid:
Pale are his looks, his languid limbs appear
Too weak the cuirass or the shield to bear.
But since the Christian cause his sword requires,
Nor toil nor danger damps his gen'rous fires,
Heroic ardors all his soul enflame,
And give new vigour to his feeble frame.
With native firmness arm'd, he hastes to prove
The secret perils of the magic grove.
Unmov'd, his eyes the gloomy shade behold:
In vain the earthquakes rock'd, the thunders roll'd:
At first a transient doubt assail'd his breast,
But each unworthy thought was soon represt.
Still on he pass'd, till full before his eyes
The burning walls and flaming ramparts rise.
At this a while his hasty course he stay'd:
What here can arms avail? (the warrior said)
Shall I, where yon devouring furies wait,
Amidst the flames, attempt a desp'rate fate?
Ne'er would I fly from death in glory's strife,
When fame, when public good demands my life.
From useless perils yet the brave refrain;
The warrior's courage here were spent in vain:
Yet how will yonder camp my flight receive?
What other forest can their want relieve?
By Godfrey then the task will sure be try'd:
These fires perhaps may vanish when defy'd.
But be it as it may, th'attempt I claim!—
He said; and, fearless, rush'd amidst the flame.

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He said; and, fearless, rush'd amidst the flame.

At once he leapt and press'd, unhurt, the ground,
Nor fire nor heat th'intrepid hero found:
At once the visionary flames were fled,
And all around a dismal darkness spread;
Tempest and clouds arose: but soon anew
The storms were vanish'd, and the clouds withdrew!
Surpriz'd but dauntless noble Tancred stood,
And when the skies thus clear'd, the warrior view'd:
With steps secure he pierc'd th'unhallow'd glade,
And trac'd each secret winding of the shade.
No wond'rous phantoms now his course oppos'd,
No burning tow'rs the guarded wood enclos'd;
But oft the trees, with tangled boughs entwin'd,
Perplex'd his passage, and his sight confin'd.
At length a sylvan theatre he found;
Nor plant nor tree within the verdant round,
Save in the midst a stately cypress rose,
And high in air advanc'd its spreading boughs.
To this the knight his wand'ring steps address'd,
And saw the trunk with various marks impress'd:
Like those (ere men were vers'd in scriptur'd lore)
Mysterious Egypt us'd in days of yore.
Amidst the signs unknown, he chanc'd to find
These words engrav'd conspicuous on the rind:—
O! valiant knight! whose feet have dar'd to tread
These mansions, sacred to the silent dead,
If pity e'er thy dauntless breast could move,
Forbear to violate this fatal grove.
Revere the souls depriv'd of vital air,
Nor with the dead an impious war declare.

These lines the knight perus'd, and, lost in thought,
He long in vain the secret meaning sought.
Now thro' the leaves a whisp'ring breeze he hears,
And human voices murm'ring in his ears,
That various passions in his heart instill;
Soft pity, grief, and awe, his bosom fill.
At length, resolv'd, his shining steel he drew,
And struck the tree, when, dreadful to his view!
The wounded bark a sanguine current shed,
And stain'd the grassy turf with streaming red.
With horror fill'd, yet fix'd th'event to know,
Again his arm renew'd the forceful blow:
When from the trunk was heard a human groan,
And plaintive accents in a female tone.
Too much on me thy rage before was bent,
O cruel Tancred! cease — at last relent!
By thee from life's delightful seat I fell,
Driv'n from the breast, where once I us'd to dwell.
Why do'st thou still pursue, with ruthless hate,
This trunk, to which I now am fix'd by fate?
Ah! cruel!—shall not death th'unhappy save?
And would'st thou reach thy foes within the grave?
Clorinda once was I!—nor here confin'd,
My soul alone informs a rugged rind:
The like mysterious fortune waits on all
Who sink in fight beneath yon lofty wall;
By strange enchantment here (relentless doom!)
They find in sylvan forms a living tomb.
These trunks and branches human sense endows,
Nor canst thou, guiltless, lop the vital boughs.

As one distemper'd, to whose sleeping eyes
A dragon or chimera seems to rise,
Attempts to fly, while yet he scarce believes
The monstrous phantom that his sense deceives,
So far'd the lover, doubting what he heard;
Yet, 'midst his doubts, he yielded and he fear'd.
A thousand tender thoughts his fancy struck;
And soon the sword his trembling hand forsook.
Now in his mind he views th'offended fair
With all the sighs and tumults of despair:
Nor longer can he bear, with pitying eyes,
To view the streaming bark, or hear the mournful cries!
Thus he, whose courage ev'ry deed had try'd,
And all the various forms of death defy'd,
Submits his reason to delusive charms,
And Love's all-pow'rful name his breast disarms.

A whirlwind now arose with sudden roar,
Which from the wood his fallen falchion bore.
And thus subdu'd, the knight no longer strove,
But left th'attempt, and issu'd from the grove:
His sword regaining, to the chief he came,
And thus at length began his tale to frame:—

Unthought-of truths, O prince, I shall reveal;
Wond'rous to know, incredible to tell!
I heard the dreadful sounds, the fire I view'd
That, sudden rising, in my passage stood:
Like walls and battlements the flames were rear'd,
Where armed monsters for defence appear'd;
Yet, free from heat, I pass'd the burning tow'rs,
Nor found my path oppos'd by hostile pow'rs.

To this succeeded clouds, and storms, and night;
But soon again return'd the cheerful light.
More shall I speak? — A human spirit lives
In ev'ry tree, and sense and reason gives
To ev'ry plant. Deep groans assail'd my ear:
And still I seem the mournful sounds to hear.
Each parted trunk pours forth a purple stream,
Like sanguine currents from a wounded limb!
I own myself subdu'd — no more I dare
A branch dissever, or a sapling tear.
While Tancred thus his wond'rous tidings brought,
The leader waver'd, lost in anxious thought;
Uncertain of himself th'attempt to prove,
And try the dangers of th'enchanted grove;
Or seek what other distant wood might yield
The planks to frame his engines for the field;
But from his doubts the hermit soon relieves
The pensive chief, and thus his counsel gives: —
Forego thy schemes, nor think the wood t'invade;
Another hand must pierce the fatal shade.
Now, now, the vessel gains the desart strand,
She furls her sails, she cuts the yielding sand!
See, where at length th'expected hero breaks
His shameful bondage, and the shore forsakes!
Full soon will Heav'n yon tow'ring walls o'erthrow,
And quell the numbers of th'Egyptian foe.
While thus he spoke, enflam'd his looks appear'd;
With more than mortal sound his voice was heard.
The pious Godfrey, still with cares opprest,
New plans revolv'd within his thoughtful breast.

But now, receiv'd in Cancer's fiery sign,
The sun, with scorching rays, began to shine:
A direful drought succeeds; the martial train
No more the labours of the field sustain.
Each gentle star has quench'd its kindly beam;
From sullen skies malignant planets gleam:
Their baneful influence on the earth they shed,
And wide thro' air infectious vapours spread.
To dreadful day more dreadful night succeeds,
And each new morn increasing terror breeds.
The sun ne'er rises cheerful to the sight,
But sanguine spots distain his sacred light:
Pale hov'ring mists around his forehead play:
The sad forerunners of a fatal day!
His setting orb in crimson seems to mourn,
Denouncing greater woes at his return;
And adds new horrors to the present doom,
By certain fear of evils yet to come!
All nature pants beneath the burning sky:
The earth is cleft, the less'ning streams are dry:
The barren clouds, like streaky flames, divide,
Dispers'd and broken thro' the sultry void.
No cheerful object for the sight remains;
Each gentle gale its grateful breath retains;
Alone the wind from Lybia's sands respires,
And burns each warrior's breast with secret fires.
Nocturnal meteors blaze in dusky air,
Thick lightnings flash, and livid comets glare!
No pleasing moisture nature's face renews:
The moon no longer sheds her pearly dews

To cheer the mourning earth; the plants and flow'rs
In vain require the soft and vital show'rs!
Sweet slumber flies from ev'ry restless night,
In vain would men his balmy pow'r invite;
Sleepless they lie: but, far above the rest,
The rage of thirst their fainting souls opprest;
For, vers'd in guile, Judæa's impious king,
With pois'nous juice, had tinctur'd ev'ry spring;
Whose currents now with dire pollution flow,
Like Styx and Acheron in realms below;
The slender stream where Siloa's gentle wave
Once to the Christians draughts untainted gave,
Now scarcely murmurs, in his channels dry,
And yield their fainting host a small supply.
But not the Po, when most his waters swell,
Would seem too vast their raging thirst to quell;
Nor mighty Ganges, nor the sev'n-mouth'd Nile,
That with his deluge glads th'Egyptian soil.
If e'er their eyes, in happier times, have view'd,
Begirt with grassy turf, some crystal flood;
Or living waters foam from Alpine hills,
Or thro' soft herbage purl the limpid rills,
Such flatt'ring scenes again their fancies frame,
And add new fuel to increase their flame.
Still in the mind the wish'd idea reigns:
But still the fervor rages in the veins!
Then might you see on earth the warriors lie,
Whose limbs, robust, could ev'ry clime defy;
Inur'd the weight of pond'rous arms to bear,
Inur'd in fields the hostile steel to dare:

Deep in their veins the hidden furies prey,
And eat, by slow degrees, their lives away.
The courser, late with gen'rous pride indu'd,
Now loaths the grass his once delightful food:
With feeble steps he scarcely seems to tread;
And prone to earth is hung his languid head.
No mem'ry now of ancient fame remains,
No thirst of glory on the dusty plains:
The conquer'd spoils and trappings once bestow'd,
His joy so late, are now a painful load!
Now pines the faithful dog, nor heeds the board,
Nor heeds the service of his dearer lord!
Outstretch'd he lies, and as he pants for breath,
Receives at ev'ry gasp new draughts of death.
In vain has nature's law the air assign'd
T'allay the inward heat of human kind:
What here, alas! can air mankind avail,
When fevers float on ev'ry burning gale!
Thus droop'd the earth, and ev'ry glory lost,
Dire prospects terrify'd the faithful host:
Complaints aloud resound from ev'ry band,
And words like these are heard on either hand.
What next can Godfrey hope? why longer stay
Till one sad fate sweep all our camp away?
Still can he think yon lofty walls to gain?
What force is left, what engines now remain?
And sees not he, of all the host alone,
The wrath of God by ev'ry signal shewn?
A thousand signs and prodigies declare
His will oppos'd against this fatal war.

What scorching rays the sick'ning land invade!
Nor Ind nor Lybia asks a cooler shade.
Then thinks our leader no regard we claim,
And views us as a vile, a worthless name.
That souls like ours to death must tamely yield,
So he may still th'imperial sceptre wield!
Behold the boasted chief, the pious nam'd,
For acts of mercy and for goodness fam'd,
Forgets his people's weal, his pow'r to raise,
And on their ruin builds destructive praise!
While thus we mourn each spring and fountain dry'd,
From Jordan's stream his thirst is well supply'd;
Amidst his festive friends the prince reclines,
And mixes cooling draughts with Cretan wines.
 Thus said the Franks; but louder far complain'd
The Grecian chief, who Godfrey's sway disdain'd:
Who with reluctance long his rule obey'd.
Why should I tamely perish here? (he said)
And why with me on mine shall ruin wait?
If Godfrey blindly rush on certain fate,
On him and on his Franks th'event be thrown;
Nor let us fall for follies not our own.
 Thus said the chief; nor bade the host adieu,
But with his train, at ev'ning's close withdrew.
Soon as the morn beheld his squadron fled,
On other troops the quick contagion spread.
Those that in battle Ademar obey'd,
And brave Clothareus, now in silence laid
(Since death, which all dissolves, had burst the bands
That held them subject to their lords commands)

Already meditate their secret flight,
And some depart beneath the fav'ring night.
  All this full well observant Godfrey knew,
Nor yet his soul would rig'rous means pursue
T'oppose the ill; resolv'd the faith to prove,
That rapid streams can stay, and rocks remove;
The Ruler of the world with pray'rs t'implore
The sacred fountains of his grace to pour.
With hands conjoin'd, and eyes with zeal on flame,
He thus aloud invok'd th'Eternal name: —
  O King, and Father! if thy pitying hand
E'er shed thy manna in the desart land;
If e'er thy will to man such virtue gave,
From veins of rock to draw the gushing wave,
Be now for these thy wond'rous pow'r display'd!
But if their merits less can claim thy aid,
O, let thy grace, to veil their faults, be giv'n!
Still may thy warriors feel the care of Heav'n!
  These righteous pray'rs, in humble words express'd,
On eagle wings to Heav'n their flight address'd;
There full before the throne of God appear'd:
Th' Eternal Father with complacence heard:
His awful eyes he bent on Syria's lands,
And view'd the labours of his faithful bands:
He saw their suff'rings with a gracious look,
Then thus, with mild benevolence, he spoke: —
  Lo! to this hour, on earth my camp belov'd,
Has various woes and dreadful perils prov'd!
The world, in arms, resists their glorious toils,
And hell obstructs their course with all its wiles.

Now, chang'd the scene, a happier fate attends:
From fav'ring clouds the friendly show'r descends:
Their matchless hero comes t'exalt their name,
And Egypt's host arrives to crown their fame.
Th'Almighty ceas'd; Heav'n trembl'd as he spoke;
The stars and ev'ry wand'ring planet shook;
The air was hush'd, the sea was calm'd to rest,
And ev'ry hill and cave their awe confest.
Swift to the left the lightning's blaze appear'd;
At once aloft the thunder's noise was heard.
The troops, transported, view the lowring skies,
And hail the rolling sound with joyful cries.
Now thick'ning clouds their gloomy veil extend;
Not these in vapours from the earth ascend
By Phœbus' warmth; but Heav'n the deluge pours,
And opens all the sluices of its stores.
The torrents fall impetuous from the skies;
Above their banks the foamy rivers rise.
As on the shore, when heats have parch'd the plain,
The cackling breed expect the kindly rain;
Then greet the moisture with expanded wings,
And sport and plunge beneath the cooling springs;
The Christians thus salute, with joyful cry,
The grateful deluge from the pitying sky.
These on their locks or vests the stream receive;
From helms or vases those their thirst relieve:
Some hold their hands beneath the cooling wave;
Their faces some, and some their temples lave:
While earth, that late her gaping rifts disclos'd,
And fainting lay to parching heat expos'd,

Receives and ministers the vital show'rs
To fading herbs, to plants, to trees, and flow'rs.
Her fever thus allay'd, new health returns;
No more the flame within her bosom burns;
Again new beauties grace her gladden'd soil;
Again renew'd, her hills and vallies smile.
Now ceas'd the rain; the sun restor'd the day,
And shed with grateful warmth a temper'd ray,
As when his beams benign their influence bring
T'unlock, with genial pow'r, the welcome spring.
O wond'rous faith! that, trusting Heav'n above,
Can purge the air, and ev'ry ill remove!
Can change the seasons, and reverse their state,
And quench the fury of impending fate!

END OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

THE

FOURTEENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

GODFREY is admonished, in a dream, to recall Rinaldo to the camp. Guelpho pleads for his nephew's return, and Godfrey consents to it. Ubald and Charles the Dane are appointed the messengers for that purpose: these, by the directions of Peter, proceed to Afcalon, where they are entertained by a Christian-magician, who shews them many wonders. He gives them a particular relation of the manner in which Rinaldo was ensnared by Armida, and then instructs them fully how to deliver him from the power of the enchantress.

THE
FOURTEENTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

Now from her mother's ancient lap arose
Indulgent Night, befriending sweet repose:
Soft breezes in her train attendant flew,
While from her robe she shook the pearly dew:
The flutt'ring zephyrs breath'd a grateful wind,
And sooth'd the balmy slumbers of mankind.
  Now, ev'ry thought forgot, the peaceful host
Their cares and labours in oblivion lost;
But ever watchful o'er his creatures state,
In light eternal Heav'n's Almighty sate:
His looks he turn'd, and view'd, from upper skies,
The Christian leader with benignant eyes:
To him, with speed, he sent a mystic dream,
To speak the purpose of the Will Supreme.
Not far from where the sun, with eastern ray,
Thro' golden portals pours the beamy day;

A crystal gate there stands, whose valves unfold
Ere yet the skies the dawning light behold.
From thence the dreams arise, which Heav'nly Pow'r
To pious mortals sends in gracious hour.
From thence to Godfrey's tent the vision fled,
And o'er the chief his radiant pinions spread.
No slumber e'er such pleasing scenes display'd
As now the hero, in a trance, survey'd;
That brought the starry mansions to his eyes,
And open'd all the secrets of the skies:
Then, full reflected, to his sense was shown
The happy state, by righteous spirits known.
He seem'd aloft to realms of glory rais'd,
Where beams on beams with mingl'd lustre blaz'd.
There while he, wond'ring, view'd the seats around,
And heard the sacred choir their hymns resound,
Begirt with rays, and clo[illegible] with lambent flame,
Full in his sight a graceful warrior came.
His tuneful voice no sounds can reach below;
And from his lips these gentle accents flow:—
Then will not Godfrey own this face again?
And is thy friend, thy Hugo seen in vain?
To whom the chief reply'd:—That form divine,
Where circling beams of dazzling glory shine,
So far my feeble mortal sense obscur'd,
That scarcely yet my mem'ry stands assur'd.
He said; and thrice with eager arms assay'd,
With pious love, to clasp the friendly shade;
And thrice the phantom mock'd his fruitless care,
And fled like empty dreams, or fleeting air.

Think not (the vision cry'd) thy eyes behold
A mortal substance of terrestrial mold:
A naked spirit stands before thy sight,
A citizen of this celestial light.
Behold GOD's temple! here his warriors rest;
With these shalt thou reside for ever blest.
When comes that happy hour? (the chief replies)
Ah! now release my soul from earthly ties!
Soon shalt thou (Hugo thus return'd again)
Partake the triumphs of th'immortal train;
But first thy warfare claims new toils below:
In fields of fight thy courage yet must glow.
'Tis thine to free from impious Pagan bands
The sacred empire of Judæa's lands;
And, firmly fix'd, the Christian throne to place,
The seat thy brother is decreed to grace.
But, that thy breast may feel a holier fire,
And purer pleasures purer thoughts inspire,
Contemplate well this place, these starry rays,
Where Heav'n's Almighty pours the boundless blaze!
Hark! how th'angelic choir their hymns prolong,
And warble to the lyre celestial song!
Now cast thy sight to yonder globe below;
See all that earth on mortals can bestow!
Behold what vileness there obscures mankind!
Say, what rewards can there the virtuous find?
A naked solitude, a narrow space,
Confines the senseless pride of human race.
Earth, like an isle, is round with waves embrac'd:
[illegible] yon sea, the mighty and the vast;

Which here can no such glorious titles claim:
A pool unnoted, and a worthless name!
He said; and Godfrey downward bent his eyes,
And view'd the earth with pity and surprise.
He smil'd to see the num'rous nations boast,
Lands, floods, and oceans, in an atom lost;
Amaz'd that man, with sensual follies blind,
Should there, immers'd in smoke, in gloom confin'd,
Pursue vain empire and an airy name,
Nor heed the call of Heav'n, and virtue's lasting fame.
Then thus he said:—Since 'tis not God's decree,
From mortal prison yet my soul to free,
O be my guide! vouchsafe the path to show,
Amidst the errors of the world below.
The path before thee (Hugo then reply'd)
Pursue; nor from the track remove aside.
This only counsel from thy friend receive;
From exile brave Bertoldo's son reprieve;
For if to thee th'Almighty King of Heav'n
The sov'reign guidance of the host has giv'n,
'Tis his decree no less th'intrepid knight
Should execute thy high commands in fight:
'Tis thine the foremost duties to sustain;
To him the second honours must remain:
To him alone 'tis giv'n the woods to fell,
So deeply guarded by the fiends of hell:
From him the troops, that seem a lifeless host,
Their numbers weaken'd and their courage lost,
That inly meditate a shameful flight,
Shall gain new vigour for th'approaching figh

So shall they teach yon haughty walls to yield,
And rout the eastern armies in the field.
He said, and ceas'd; when Godfrey made reply:—
The knight's return would fill my breast with joy:
Thou know'st (and thou my secret thought canst prove)
That in my soul he meets a brother's love.
But say, what offers must I make? and where
To seek him must the messengers repair?
How suits it with my state the youth to greet,
T'exact obedience, or with pray'r entreat?
To whom the shade: Th'Eternal King, whose grace
To thee has giv'n on earth a leader's place,
Decrees that those o'er whom he gave thee sway,
To thee, their head, should rightful homage pay:
Request not then (thou can'st not, void of blame,
With servile pray'rs debase a gen'ral's name)
But when thy friends beseech, thy ears incline;
The part be theirs t'entreat, to yield be thine.
To thee, inspir'd by Heav'n, shall Guelpho plead,
And ask forgiveness for Rinaldo's deed.
Tho' now far distant from th'abandon'd host,
He lives in love and ease inglorious lost,
A few short days will bring the youth again
To shine in arms amidst his social train;
For holy Peter can thy envoys send
Where certain tidings shall thy search attend:
They shall be taught the arts, and giv'n the pow'r
The knight to free, and to the camp restore.
s all thy wand'ring partners of the war
eav'n at length reduce beneath thy care.

Yet ere I cease, one truth I shall reveal,
Which well I know thy breast with joy shall fill.
His blood shall mix with thine, and thence a race
Of glorious names succeeding times shall grace.
He ended here; and pass'd like smoke away,
Or fleeting clouds before the solar ray.
Then sleep, departing, left the hero's breast
At once with wonder and with joy possest.
The pious chief th'advancing morn survey'd,
And strait his limbs in weighty arms array'd.
Soon in his tent th'attending leaders met
In daily council, where conven'd they sat:
There ev'ry future act they weigh with care,
And ev'ry labour of the war prepare.
Then noble Guelpho, who, by Heav'n imprest,
New thoughts revolv'd within his careful breast,
First turn'd to Godfrey, 'midst the warrior-train: —
O prince for mercy fam'd (he thus began)
I come t'implore thy grace! thy grace dispense,
Tho' rash the deed, tho' recent be th'offence,
Hence may it seem too boldly here I stand,
And immaturely urge the fond demand.
But when I think to Godfrey's gentle ear
For brave Rinaldo I my suit prefer,
Or view myself, of no ignoble strain,
That intercedes thy fav'ring grace to gain,
I trust thou wilt not such a boon deny,
Which all will here receive with equal joy.
Ah, let the youth return! retrieve his name!
And lave, in fields of blood, his sully'd fame,

What hand but his intrepid shall invade
The forest-gloom, and bare the fatal shade?
Who more advent'rous in the field to dare,
Despising death amidst the ranks of war?
Behold he shakes the walls, the gates o'erthrows,
Or foremost scales the ramparts of the foes!
Restore him to the camp! — O chief, restore
The hope of battle, and the soldier's pow'r.
Restore to me a nephew well-belov'd,
A champion to thyself, in arms approv'd:
Nor let him in ignoble sloth remain,
But give him to his rank and fame again;
Thy conqu'ring banners let him still pursue,
So may the gazing world his virtues view.
Great deeds he then shall shew in open light,
While thou, his leader, rul'st the field of fight.
He ended here; and, while his suit he prest,
All join'd, with fav'ring murmurs, his request:
And Godfrey now (each inward thought conceal'd)
Seem'd to his reasons and his suit to yield.
Can I (he cry'd) refuse the grace requir'd?
By all expected, and by all desir'd!
Here rigour ends: enough your counsel moves:
Then be it as the public voice approves.
Let young Rinaldo view the camp again,
But learn henceforth his anger to restrain.
May he, with actions equal to your praise,
lfil your wishes and his glory raise!
recall, O Guelpho, be thy care!
rateful sure the tidings to his ear!)

'Tis thine the trusty envoy to select,
And where the youth resides, his steps direct.
He ceas'd; when, rising, thus the Dane began:—
An envoy if you seek, behold the man.
Nor length of way, nor perils I decline,
To him this honour'd weapon to resign.
So spoke the knight, with gen'rous ardor mov'd,
And noble Guelpho his desire approv'd,
And join'd with him, the labours to divide,
Ubald, in ev'ry art of wisdom try'd.
Ubald, in youth, had many regions seen,
Explor'd the customs and the ways of men;
And wander'd long with unremitted toil,
From polar cold to Lybia's burning soil.
From diff'rent nations diff'rent arts he drew:
Their laws, their manners, and their speech he knew.
In age mature him Guelpho now caress'd;
His much-lov'd friend and partner of his breast.
Such were the men, selected 'midst the host,
From exile to recall the champion lost.
These Guelpho now instructs their course to bend
Where mighty Bæmond's regal walls ascend:
Since all (for thus the public fame was blown)
Had fix'd the knight's retreat in Antioch's town.
But here the word the rev'rend hermit took,
And interpos'd, and thus their converse broke:—
Ye warriors brave, attend my words (he said)
Nor be by voice of vulgar fame misled;
But haste to Ascalon, and seek the shores
Where to the sea a stream its tribute pours;

There shall a sage, the Christians friend, appear;
Attend his dictates, and his counsel hear:
Full well he knows, long since foretold by me,
Of this your journey, fix'd by GOD's decree:
'Tis his your steps to guide; from him receive
Such welcome as a faithful heart can give.
 The hermit said; and as his words requir'd,
The ready knights obey'd what Heav'n inspir'd.
Direct to Ascalon they bent their way,
Where breaks against the land the neighb'ring sea.
Their ears perceiv'd not yet the hollow roar
Of dashing billows sounding on the shore:
When now the chiefs a rapid stream beheld,
With sudden rains and rushing torrents swell'd:
The banks no more confine its headlong course;
Swift as a shaft it drives with furious force.
While in suspense they stand, a sage appears
Of rev'rend aspect and experienc'd years.
An oaken wreath surrounds his aged brows;
In lengthen'd folds his snowy vesture flows;
A wand he shakes; secure he treads the waves,
And, with his feet unbath'd, the torrent braves.
 So near the freezing pole, the village-swains
(When winter binds the floods in icy chains)
Oft o'er the Rhine in fearless numbers glide
With hissing sound, and skim the solid tide.
 Now came the sage to where in deep surprize,
On him the silent warriors fix'd their eyes;
Then thus:—O friends, you 'tempt an arduous task;
Your high designs uncommon guidance ask.

DAMAGE PAGES ARE 88 t0 105, IN BOOK

Near this Sicilia's fertile lands are spread;
There Lilybœum rears its lofty head.
Now to the knights the damsel-pilot shew'd
The spot where once imperial Carthage stood.
Ill-fated Carthage! scarce, amidst the plains,
A trace of all her ruin'd pomp remains!
Proud cities vanish, states and realms decay;
The world's unstable glories fade away!
Yet mortals dare of certain fate complain!
O impious folly of presuming man!
From thence they see Biserta's spires arise;
Far to the right Sardinia's island lies:
They view where once the rude Numidian swain
Pursu'd a wand'ring life, from plain to plain.
Algiers and Burgia then they reach, the seat
Of impious corsairs; next Oran they greet;
And now by Mauritania's strand proceed,
Where elephants and hungry lions breed.
Morocco here and Fez their cities rear;
To these oppos'd, Granada's lands appear.
At length they came where, press'd in narrow bounds,
Between the capes the boiling deep resounds.
'Tis feign'd that first Alcides forc'd a way,
And gave this passage to th'indignant sea.
And here, perchance, a lengthen'd tract of land,
With one continu'd mound the flood restrain'd;
But now the furious main, with rushing tides,
From tow'ring Calpe Abyla divides;
A streight 'twixt Lybia now and Spain appears:
Such is the force of time, and change of years!

Four times the east had seen the rising sun
Since first its wond'rous course the bark begun:
Nor shelt'ring bays, nor ports its speed delay;
It shoots the streight, and leaves the midland sea.
But what are seas to ocean's vast profound,
Whose circling arms the spacious earth surround!
Soon from the sight, amid the waves, are lost
The fertile Gades, and each neighb'ring coast.
Behind, the less'ning shores retreating fly;
Sky bounds the ocean, ocean bounds the sky.
Then Ubald thus began:—Say Thou! whose pow'r
Gives us these endless waters to explore,
Did ever prow before these seas divide?
Do mortals here in distant worlds reside?
He ceas'd; the virgin-pilot thus reply'd:—
When great Alcides had the monsters slain
That wasted Lybia and the realms of Spain,
Your lands subdu'd, at yonder streight he stay'd;
Nor durst old Ocean's surgy gulph invade.
He fix'd his pillars there, in vain design'd
To curb the searching spirit of mankind.
Urg'd by desire new regions to explore,
Ulysses scorn'd the confines of the shore:
He pass'd the bound'ry, loos'ning to the gales,
Amidst the wider flood, his daring sails:
But all his skill in naval arts was vain;
He sunk entomb'd beneath the roaring main.
And those, by tempests forc'd amidst the waves,
Have ne'er return'd, or found untimely graves.
Hence, undiscover'd, still the seas remain
That num'rous isles and mighty states contain.

Inhabitants abound on many a coast;
The lands, like yours, their fertile produce boast;
Where, not ungrateful to the lab'rers toil,
The sun, prolific, warms the pregnant soil.
Then Ubald:—Of those climes, remov'd afar,
The manners and religious rites declare.
Various their lives (the virgin thus rejoin'd);
Their speech, their customs, are of various kind.
Some worship beasts, the stars, or solar pow'r;
And earth, the common parent, some adore.
There are who stain their feasts with human blood,
And load their dreadful board with horrid food:
And ev'ry land, from Calpe's tow'ring heights,
Is nurs'd in impious faith and cruel rites!
Will then that pitying God (the knight reply'd)
Who came with heav'nly truths mankind to guide,
Leave, far excluded from the sacred light,
So large a portion of the world in night?
O no! the faith of CHRIST shall there be spread,
(She cry'd) and science rear her laurell'd head.
Think not this length of ocean's whelming tide
Shall from your future search those climes divide:
The time shall come when sailors, yet unborn,
Shall name Alcides' narrow bounds in scorn:
Lands now unknown, and seas without a name,
Shall then thro' all your realms extend their fame:
Perils untry'd, some future ship shall brave,
And cut, with daring course, the distant wave;
Thro' all the flood's unfathom'd currents run,
Gird the vast globe, and emulate the sun.

From fair Liguria, see th'advent'rer rise,
Whose courage first the threat'ning passage tries.
Nor raging seas, by furious whirlwinds tost;
Nor doubtful prospects of th'uncertain coast,
Shall, in the streights of Abyla confin'd,
Detain the ardor of his dauntless mind!
'Tis thou, Columbus! to another pole
Shalt rear the mast, and o'er the surges roll;
While, with a thousand wings, and thousand eyes,
Fame scarce pursues thy vessel as it flies!
Let Bacchus or Alcides claim her praise,
Thy worth, in future time, her trump shall raise:
Thy deeds shall last in story'd annals long,
The copious subject of some poet's song.

She said, and westward steer'd before the wind,
Then gently, tow'rds the south, her sails inclin'd.
Now in their front they see the sun descend,
And now the morn behind her beams extend;
But when Aurora, from her radiant head,
Had all around her pearly moisture shed,
Before their eyes a mountain huge appear'd,
That 'midst the clouds its lofty summit rear'd.
Near as they came, the fleeting clouds withdrew,
And, like a pyramid, it shew'd to view:
From whence black curling smoke was seen to rise;
As where 'tis feign'd th' Ætnean giant lies
Transfix'd, and breathes eruptions to the skies.
By day thick vapours from the mouth aspire;
By night terrific flames of ruddy fire.

Then other islands 'midst the main they 'spy'd,
And lands, less steepy, rising o'er the tide.

Delightful isles, renown'd of ancient date,
And stil'd, by tuneful bards, the Fortunate.
'Twas said that Heav'n to these such grace allow'd,
No shining share th'unlabour'd furrows plough'd.
The lands, untill'd, could plenteous crops produce;
And vines, unprun'd, supply nectareous juice.
Here olives bloom'd with never-fading green:
From hollow oaks was liquid honey seen.
The rivers murm'ring from the hills above,
With crystal streams renew'd the vernal grove.
No sultry heat oppress'd the grateful day;
Soft dews and zephyrs cool'd the solar ray.
And here were feign'd the mansions of the blest,
Th'Elysian seats of everlasting rest.
To these the damsel steer'd, and thus begun:—
Behold, O chiefs! our destin'd course is run:
The isles of Fortune to your sight appear,
Whose fame, tho' doubtful, yet has reach'd your ear:
Fair is their soil; but fame each wonder swells,
And ev'ry truth, with added fiction, tells.
While thus she spoke, along the main they flew,
Till near the foremost isle their vessel drew.
Then Charles began:—O ever sacred dame!
If this the cause permits for which we came,
Grant that our feet a while may tread the shore,
To view a race and land unknown before;
T'observe their rites, and mark with curious eyes
Whate'er may claim th'attention of the wise:
So may our lips declare, in future time,
The wonders witness'd in this foreign clime.

Your suit demands my praise (the maid replies)
But Heav'n's decree the bold request denies.
The time arrives not yet, by God design'd,
To give the great discov'ry to mankind:
Nor must you, back from ocean's bosom borne,
With certain tidings to your world return.
To you, beyond the sailor's art, 'tis giv'n
To pass these billows, by the will of Heav'n;
To rouze your champion from his fatal sleep,
And safe convey him o'er the wat'ry deep:
Let this suffice—with prouder thoughts elate,
'Twere impious folly to contend with fate.

Thus while she spoke, the foremost isle withdrew,
And soon the second gain'd upon the view:
She shew'd the warriors how the islands lay,
In order rang'd against the rising day.
The lands with equal space the sea divides,
And rolls between the shores its beating tides.
In sev'n are seen the marks of human care,
Where cultur'd fields and rural cots appear:
But three a barren desart soil reveal,
Where savage beasts in woods and mountains dwell.

Amidst these isles, a lone recess they found,
Where circling shores the subject flood surround,
And, far within, a spacious bay enclose;
Sharp rocks, without, the rushing surge oppose;
Two lofty cliffs before the entrance rise,
A welcome sign to future sailors eyes:
Within, the waves repose in peace serene;
Black forests nod above: a sylvan scene!

A grotto opens in the living stone,
Where verdant moss and ivy-leaves o'ergrown:
The grateful shade a gentle murmur fills,
While o'er the pavement glide the lucid rills.
No cables need the floating ships secure;
No bearded anchors here the vessels moor.
To this retreat, her course, the pilot bore,
And, ent'ring, furl'd her sails, and reach'd the shore.
Behold (she cry'd) where yonder structure stands,
Rais'd on the mountain, and the isle commands!
There, lost in festive sloth, in folly lost,
Slumbers the champion of the Christian host.
'Tis yours, when next the sun forsakes the deep,
With lab'ring feet t'ascend the threat'ning steep:
Meanwhile, this short delay with ease be borne;
All times are luckless save the hour of morn:
But to the mountain's foot pursue your way,
While yet remains the light of parting day.
Thus she; the word th'impatient warriors took,
And, leaping from the bark, the strand forsook.
With ready steps a pleasing road they crost,
And all their toils in sweet delusion lost.
At length th'expected hill's broad base they gain
(The sun yet hov'ring o'er the western main);
From hence their eyes the arduous height survey,
The pendent ruins, and the rocky way.
Inclement frost the mountain's sides deforms;
And all around is white with wint'ry storms.
The lofty summit yields a milder scene,
With budding flow'rs and groves, for ever green!

There ends the frozen clime; there lilies blow;
There roses blush upon the bord'ring snow;
There youthful spring, and hoary winter here;
Such pow'r has magic o'er the changing year!
  Now at the mountain's foot the heroes stay'd
And slept, secure, beneath a cavern's shade:
But when the sun (eternal fount of day!)
Spread o'er the laughing skies his golden ray,
At once they rose, at once their course renew'd,
And up the steep ascent the way pursu'd.
When lo! a serpent, rushing from his cell,
Oppos'd their passage, horrible and fell!
Aloft his head and squalid crest he held,
Bestreak'd with gold; his neck with anger swell'd;
Fire fill'd his eyes; he hid the path beneath;
And smoke and poison issu'd with his breath.
Now in thick curls his scaly length he wound;
Now trail'd his op'ning folds along the ground.
Such was the dreadful guardian of the place,
Yet on the heroes press'd with fearless pace.
The Dane his falchion draws, and eager flies
T'assail the snake, when, sudden, Ubald cries
Forbear! can arms like these our foes repel?
And think'st thou thus the monster's rage to quell?
  He said; and shook the golden wand around;
The serpent fled, astonish'd at the sound.
The knights proceed; a lion fierce descends,
And, roaring loud, the dang'rous pass defends.
He rolls his fiery eyes, his mane he rears;
Wide as a gulph his gaping mouth appears;

His lashing tail his slumb'ring wrath awakes:
But when his potent rod the warrior shakes,
Unusual fears the dreadful beast surprize;
Sunk in his rage, he trembles, and he flies!
Still on they pass'd; but soon a num'rous host
Of monsters dire their daring passage crost.
In various shapes the ghastly troops appear;
With various yells they rend the startled ear.
Each savage form that roves the burning sands,
From distant Nilus to the Lybian lands,
Here seem'd to dwell, with all the beasts that roam
Hircania's woods, or deep Hircinia's gloom!
But not their numbers could the chiefs detain;
The pow'rful wand made all their fury vain.
These dangers past, the conqu'ring pair ascend;
Now near the brow their eager steps they bend;
Yet, as they tread the cliffs, the sinking snows
And slipp'ry ice a while their course oppose.
But when, at length, they reach the rocky height,
A spacious level opens to their sight.
There youthful spring salutes th'enraptur'd eye,
Unfading verdure, and a gladsome sky;
Eternal zephyrs thro' the groves prevail,
And incense breathes in ev'ry balmy gale.
No irksome change th'unvary'd climate knows
Of heat alternate, and alternate snows:
A genial pow'r the tender herbage feeds,
And decks with ev'ry sweet the smiling meads;
Diffuses soft perfumes from ev'ry flow'r,
And clothes with lasting shade each rural bow'r:

There rear'd aloft a stately palace stands,
Whose prospect wide the hills and seas commands.
  The warriors, weary'd with the steep ascent,
More slowly o'er th'enamell'd meadow went;
Oft looking back, their former toils review'd,
Now paus'd a while, and now their course pursu'd.
When sudden, falling from the rocky heights,
A copious stream the trav'ller's thirst excites;
From hence a thousand rills dispersing flow,
And trickle thro' the grassy vale below.
At length, united all their diff'rent tides,
In verdant banks a gentle river glides.
With murm'ring sound a bow'ry gloom pervades,
And rolls its sable waves thro' pendent shades:
A cool retreat! the flow'ry border shows
A pleasing couch, inviting soft repose.
Behold the fatal spring where laughter dwells,
Dire poison lurking in its secret cells!
Here let us guard our thoughts, our passions rein,
And ev'ry loose desire in bonds detain:
A deafen'd ear to dulcet music lend,
Nor dare the syren's impious lays attend.
  The knights advanc'd till, from their narrow bed,
Wide in a lake, the running waters spread.
There on the banks a sumptuous banquet plac'd,
With costly viands seem'd t'allure the taste.
Two blooming damsels in the water lave,
And laugh and plunge beneath the lucid wave.
Now round in sport they dash the sprinkling tide;
And now with nimble strokes the stream divide:

Now, sunk at once, they vanish from the eyes;
And now again above the surface rise!
The naked wantons, with enticing charms,
Each warrior's bosom fill'd with soft alarms:
As those their pastime, unconcern'd, pursu'd,
A while they stay'd their steps, and silent view'd,
Till one erect in open light appear'd,
And o'er the stream her iv'ry bosom rear'd;
Her upward beauties to the sight reveal'd:
The rest, beneath, the crystal scarce conceal'd!
As when the morning star, with gentle ray,
From seas emerging leads the purple day;
As when, ascending from the genial flood,
The queen of love on ocean's bosom stood,
So seems the damsel, so her locks diffuse
The pearly liquid in descending dews!
Till on th'approaching chiefs she turn'd her eyes,
Then feign'd, with mimic fear, a coy surprize:
Swift from her head she loos'd, with eager haste,
The yellow curls in artful fillets lac'd:
The falling tresses, o'er her limbs display'd,
Wrapt all her beauties in a golden shade!
Thus hid in locks, and circl'd by the flood,
With side-long glance, o'erjoy'd the knights she view'd.
Her smiles, amid her blushes, lovelier show;
Amid her smiles, her blushes lovelier glow!
At length she rais'd her voice, with melting art,
Whose magic strains might pierce the firmest heart.
O happy strangers! to whose feet 'tis giv'n
To reach these blissful seats, this earthly heav'n!

Here are those rapt'rous scenes, so fam'd of old,
When early mortals view'd an age of gold.
No longer bear the helm, the falchion wield,
The cumb'rous cors'let, or the weighty shield;
Here hang your useless arms amidst the grove,
The warriors now of peace-inspiring love!
Our field of battle is the downy bed,
Or flow'ry turf amid the smiling mead.
Then let us lead you to our sov'reign's eyes,
From whose diffusive pow'r our blessings rise.
She shall, amongst those few, your names receive,
Elected here in endless joys to live.
But first refresh your limbs beneath the tide,
And taste the viands which our cares provide.
She ceas'd; her lovely partner join'd her pray'r,
With looks persuasive, and enticing air.
So in the scene the active dancers bound,
And move responsive to the tuneful sound.
But firmly steel'd was either champion's heart
Against their fraudful strains and soothing art.
Or if forbidden thoughts a wish inspire,
And wake the slumb'ring seeds of wild desire,
Soon to their aid assisting reason came,
And quench'd the infant sparks of kindl'd flame.
Their arts, in vain, the vanquish'd damsels view'd;
The warriors thence their fated way pursu'd:
These seek the palace; those, indignant, hide
Their shameful heads beneath the whelming tide.

END OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

THE

SIXTEENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

CHARLES and Ubald enter the palace of Armida. The gardens are described. Rinaldo is seen with his mistress. At the departure of Armida, the two knights discover themselves; and Ubald reproves Rinaldo for his sloth and effeminacy. The youthful hero, filled with shame, abandons those seats of pleasure, and follows the guidance of his deliverers. Armida pursues him, and makes use of every argument to move him, but in vain: he endeavours to pacify her: she then breaks out into bitter reproaches, till, her strength being exhausted, she falls into a swoon. The three warriors go on board their vessel, and set sail for Palestine. Armida, recovering, finds her lover gone: she then gives herself up to rage, and, resolving on revenge, destroys her enchanted palace, and takes her flight to Egypt.

THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

ROUND was the form in which the palace rose;
Deep in the midst the circling walls enclose
A sumptuous garden, whose delightful scene
Eclips'd the fairest works of mortal men!
The fiends had bent their skill a pile to raise
Perplex'd with walks in many a devious maze:
And in the center lay the magic bow'rs,
Impervious to the search of human pow'rs!
Now thro' the loftiest gate the warriors pass'd
(A hundred gates the spacious structure grac'd)
With sculptur'd silver, glorious to behold,
The valves on hinges hung of burnish'd gold!
Surpriz'd they saw, excell'd in ev'ry part,
The rich materials by the sculptor's art.
In all but speech, alive the figures rise;
Nor speech they seem to want to wond'ring eyes!

In female converse there (inglorious state!)
Alcides 'midst Mœonia's damsels sate.
There he, who propp'd the stars and hell subdu'd,
The distaff bore; while love beside him stood,
And, with exulting smiles, his conquest view'd.
There Iole was seen, whose feeble hand,
With pride the hero's pond'rous club sustain'd.
The lion's hide conceal'd the beauteous dame:
Too rough a cov'ring for so soft a frame!
To this oppos'd, the chiefs a sea beheld;
Its azure field with frothy billows swell'd.
There, in the midst, two hostile navies ride;
Their arms, in lightning, flash from side to side.
Augustus, o'er his Romans, here commands:
There Anthony conducts, from eastern lands,
His Indian, Arab, and Egyptian bands.
Thou would'st have thought the Cyclades uptorn,
And hills with hills in horrid conflict borne,
So fierce the shock, when joining ship with ship,
The navies met amidst the roaring deep!
Firebrands and jav'lins fly from foe to foe;
Unusual slaughter stains the flood below.
Behold (while doubtful yet remains the fight)
Behold where Cleopatra takes her flight.
See, Anthony, of fame forgetful, flies!
No more his hopes to glorious empire rise.
Yet o'er his soul no servile fear prevails;
Her flight alone impels his yielding sails.
Contending passions all his soul enflame;
Disdain and rage, and love and conscious shame:

While, with alternate gaze, he views from far
Her parting vessel, and the dubious war.
Now Nile receives him on his wat'ry breast;
There, in his mistress' arms he sinks to rest;
There seems, resign'd, the threat'ning hour to wait,
And soften, with her smiles, the stroke of fate.
With story'd labours thus the portals grac'd,
The heroes view'd, and thence intrepid pass'd.
And now they try'd the lab'rinth's winding maze:
As fam'd Meander moves a thousand ways;
Now rolls direct, now takes a devious course,
Now seems to seek again his native source:
The frequent turnings so their eyes deceiv'd:
But soon the faithful map their doubts reliev'd;
Display'd each various passage to their sight,
And led thro' paths oblique their steps aright.
The garden then unfolds a beauteous scene,
With flow'rs adorn'd, and ever-living green.
There silver lakes reflect the beaming day;
Here crystal streams in gurgling fountains play:
Cool vales descend, and sunny hills arise;
And groves, and caves, and grottos strike the eyes.
Art shew'd her utmost pow'r; but art conceal'd,
With greater charms the pleas'd attention held.
It seem'd as nature play'd a sportive part,
And strove to mock the mimic works of art!
By pow'rful magic breathes the vernal air,
And fragrant trees eternal blossoms bear:
Eternal fruits on ev'ry branch endure;
Those swelling from their buds, and these mature.

There, on one parent stock, the leaves among,
With ripen'd figs, the figs unripen'd hung.
Depending apples here the boughs unfold;
Those green in youth, these mellow'd into gold:
The vine, luxuriant, rears her arms on high,
And curls her tendrils to the genial sky:
There the crude grapes no grateful sweet produce;
And, here impurpled, yield nectareous juice.
The joyous birds, conceal'd in ev'ry grove,
With gentle strife prolong the notes of love.
Soft zephyrs breathe on woods and waters round;
The woods and waters yield a murm'ring sound:
When cease the tuneful choir, the wind replies;
But, when they sing, in gentle whispers dies:
By turns they sink, by turns their music raise,
And blend, with equal skill, harmonious lays.
Amongst the rest, with plumes of various dies
And purple beak, a lovely songster flies;
Wond'rous to tell, with human speech indu'd,
He fills with vocal strains the blissful wood:
The birds attentive close their silent wings,
While thus the fair, the soothing charmer sings.
'Behold how lovely blooms the vernal rose,
When scarce the leaves her early bud disclose:
When half inwrapt, and half to view reveal'd,
She gives new pleasure from her charms conceal'd.
But when she shows her bosom wide display'd,
How soon her sweets exhale, her beauties fade!
No more she seems the flow'r so lately lov'd,
By virgins cherish'd, and by youths approv'd

So, swiftly fleeting with the transient day,
Passes the flow'r of mortal life away!
In vain the spring returns, the spring no more
Can waning youth to former prime restore:
Then crop the morning rose, the time improve,
And, while to love 'tis giv'n, indulge in love!
He ceas'd: th'approving choir with joy renew
Their rapt'rous music, and their loves pursue.
Again in pairs the cooing turtles bill;
The feather'd nations take their am'rous fill.
The oak, the chaster laurel seems to yield,
And all the leafy tenants of the field:
The earth and streams one soul appears to move:
All seem impregnate with the seeds of love.
Thro' these alluring scenes of magic pow'r
The virtuous warriors pass'd, and pass'd secure:
When 'twixt the quiv'ring boughs they cast their sight,
And see the damsel and the Christian knight.
There sat Armida on a flow'ry bed;
Her wanton lap sustain'd the hero's head:
Her op'ning veil her iv'ry bosom show'd;
Loose to the fanning breeze her tresses flow'd;
A languor seem'd diffus'd o'er all her frame,
And ev'ry feature glow'd with am'rous flame.
The pearly moisture on her beauteous face
Improv'd the blush, and heighten'd ev'ry grace:
Her wand'ring eyes confess'd a pleasing fire,
And shot the trembling beams of soft desire.
Now, fondly hanging o'er, with head declin'd,
Close to his cheek her lovely cheek she join'd:

While o'er her charms he taught his looks to rove,
And drank, with eager thirst, new draughts of love.
Now, bending down, enraptur'd as he lies,
She kiss'd his vermil lips and swimming eyes:
Till from his inmost heart he heav'd a sigh,
As if to hers his parting soul would fly!
All this the warriors from the shade survey,
And mark, conceal'd, the lovers am'rous play.
Dependent from his side (unusual sight!)
Appear'd a polish'd mirror, beamy bright:
This in his hand th'enamour'd champion rais'd:
On this, with smiles, the fair Armida gaz'd.
She in the glass her form reflected 'spies:
And he consults the mirror of her eyes:
One proud to rule, one prouder to obey;
He bless'd in her, and she in beauty's sway.
Ah! turn those eyes on me (exclaims the knight)
Those eyes that bless me with their heav'nly light!
For know the pow'r that ev'ry lover warms,
In this fond breast Armida's image forms.
Since I, alas, am scorn'd! here turn thy sight,
And view thy native graces with delight:
Here on that face thy ravish'd looks employ,
Where springs eternal love, eternal joy;
Or rather range thro' yon celestial spheres,
And view thy likeness in the radiant stars.
The lover ceas'd; the fair Armida smil'd,
And still with wanton play the time beguil'd.
Now in a braid she bound her flowing hair;
Now smooth'd the roving locks with decent care.

Part, with her hand, in shining curls she roll'd,
And deck'd, with azure flow'rs, the waving gold.
Her veil compos'd, with roses sweet she dress'd
The native lilies of her fragrant breast.
Not half so proud, of glorious plumage vain,
The peacock sits to view his glitt'ring train:
Not Iris shews so fair, when dewy skies
Reflect the changeful light with various dies.
But o'er the rest her wond'rous cestus shin'd,
Whose mystic round her tender waist confin'd.
Here, unembody'd forms th'enchantress mix'd,
By potent spells, and in a girdle fix'd:
Repulses sweet, soft speech, and gay desires,
And tender scorn that fans the lover's fires;
Engaging smiles, short sighs of mutual bliss,
The tear of transport, and the melting kiss;
All these she join'd her pow'rful work to frame,
And artful temper'd in th'annealing flame.
  Now with a kiss, the balmy pledge of love,
She left her knight, and issu'd from the grove.
Each day, a while apart, the dame review'd
Her magic labours, and her spells renew'd;
While he, deep-musing, in her absence stray'd,
A lonely lover 'midst the conscious shade.
But when the silent glooms of friendly night
To mutual bliss th'enamour'd pair invite;
Beneath one roof, amid the bow'rs they lay,
And lov'd, entrac'd, the fleeting hours away.
  Soon as Armida (so her arts requir'd)
From gentle love to other cares retir'd,

The warriors, from their covert, rush'd to sight
In radiant arms, that cast a gleamy light.
As when, from martial toil, the gen'rous steed
Releas'd, is giv'n to range the verdant mead,
Forgetful of his former fame, he roves,
And wooes in slothful ease his dappl'd loves.
If chance the trumpet's sound invade his ears,
Or glitt'ring steel before his sight appears,
He neighs aloud, and, furious, pants to bear
The valiant chief, and pierce the files of war!
So fares Rinaldo when the knights he 'spies;
When their bright armour lightens in his eyes,
At once the glorious beams his soul inspire;
His breast rekindles with a martial fire.
Then sudden, forth advancing, Ubald held
Before the youth his adamantine shield:
To this he turn'd; in this at once survey'd
His own resemblance full to view display'd:
His sweeping robes he saw, his flowing hair
With odours breathing, his luxuriant air:
His sword, the only mark of warlike pride,
Estrang'd from fight, hung idly at his side;
And, wreath'd with flow'rs, seem'd worn for empty show;
No dreadful weapon 'gainst a valiant foe.
As one whom long lethargic slumber ties,
Recovers from his sleep with wild surprize,
So from his trance awakes the Christian knight,
Himself beholds, and sickens at the sight;
And wishes op'ning earth his shame would hide,
Or ocean veil him in its whelming tide.

Then Ubald thus began:—All Europe arms,
And Asia's kingdoms catch the loud alarms.
Now all that cherish fame, or CHRIST adore,
In shining armour press the Syrian shore:
While thee, Bertoldo's son, from glory's plains,
A narrow isle in shameful rest detains!
Alone regardless of the voice of fame,
Th'ignoble champion of a wanton dame!
What fatal pow'r can thus thy sense controul?
What sloth suppress the virtues of thy soul?
Rise! rise!—thee Godfrey, thee the camp incites:
'Tis fortune calls, and victory invites!
Come, fated warrior! bid the fight succeed;
And crush those foes thou oft hast made to bleed;
Now let each impious sect thy vengeance feel,
And fall extinct beneath thy conqu'ring steel.
He ceas'd. A while the youth in silence mus'd,
All motionless he stood, with looks confus'd:
Till shame gave way, and stronger anger rose;
(A gen'rous anger that from reason flows)
O'er all his face a noble ardor flies,
Flames on his cheek, and sparkles from his eyes.
Now, hast'ning from the bow'r, their way they hold,
And safely pass the lab'rinth's winding fold.
Meanwhile Armida view'd, with deep dismay,
Where, breathless at the gate, the keeper lay:
Then first suspicion in her bosom grew;
And soon her lover's flight too well she knew:
Herself beheld the darling hero fly:
O direful prospect to a lover's eye!

Where wouldst thou go, and leave me here alone!—
She strove to say; but, with a rising groan,
Too mighty grief her feeble words supprest,
Which deep remurmur'd in her tortur'd breast.
Ah wretched fair! a greater pow'r disarms,
A greater wisdom mocks thy frustrate charms!
This sees the dame, who ev'ry art applies
To stay his flight: in vain each art she tries.
Whate'er the witches of Thessalia's train
E'er mutter'd to the shades with lips profane,
That could the planets in their spheres controul,
Or call from prisons drear the parted soul,
Full well she knew; but all in vain essay'd;
No hell, responsive, her commands obey'd.
Abandon'd thus, she next resolv'd to prove
If suppliant beauty more than spells could move.
See where, regardless of her former fame,
All wild with anguish, runs the furious dame!
She who so late the laws of love despis'd!
Who scorn'd the lover, tho' the love she priz'd!
Whose conqu'ring eyes could ev'ry heart subdue!
Behold her now a lover's steps pursue!
With soft persuasive grief her look she arms,
And bathes with tears her now neglected charms.
O'er rocks and snows her tender feet she plies,
And sends her voice before her as she flies.
O thou! who bear'st away my yielding heart,
Who robb'st me of my best, my dearest part,
O! give me death—or once again restore
My murder'd peace—thy hasty flight give o'er!

Hear my last words—I ask no parting kiss;
For happier lips reserve that mighty bliss:
What canst thou fear, ah cruel! to comply,
Since still with thee remains the pow'r to fly?
  Then Ubald thus:—A while thy speed forbear,
And lend her woes, O prince, a courteous ear!
The praise be thine thy virtue to retain,
And hear, unmov'd, the vanquish'd syren's strain:
So reason shall extend her sacred sway,
And teach the subject passions to obey.
  He said. Rinaldo stay'd; and sudden came,
Breathless, o'erspent with haste, the hapless dame.
Deep sorrow spread o'er all her languid air;
Yet sweet in woe, and beauteous in despair!
Silent on him her eager look she bent;
Disdain, and fear, and shame, her speech prevent;
While, from her eyes, the knight, abash'd, withdrew;
Or snatch'd, with wary glance, a transient view.
  As fam'd musicians, ere the notes they raise
To charm the list'ning ear with tuneful lays,
With accents low, in prelude soft, prepare
The rapt attention for the promis'd air,
So she, yet mindful of her fraudful art,
Would soften, ere she spoke, the hearer's heart:
First breath'd a sigh, to melt the tender breast;
Then thus, at length, these plaintive words addrest:—
  Ah cruel! think not now I come to prove
The pray'rs that lovers might to lovers move!
Such once we were!—But if thou scorn'st the name,
Yet grant the pity foes from foes may claim.

If me thy hate pursues, enjoy thy hate;
I seek not to disturb thy happy state!
A Pagan born, I ev'ry means employ'd
T'oppress the Christians, and their pow'r divide.
Thee I pursu'd, and thee secluded far,
In distant climates, from the sound of war.
But more, which deeper seems thy scorn to move,
Add how I since deceiv'd thee to my love.
O foul deceit!—to yield my virgin flow'r;
To give my beauties to another's pow'r!
To let one favour'd youth that gift obtain,
Which thousands fondly sought, but sought in vain!
These are my frauds; let these thy wrath engage;
Such crimes may well demand a lover's rage!
So may'st thou part without one tender thought,
And be these dear abodes at once forgot!
Haste!—pass the seas!—thy flying sails employ;
Go, wage the combat, and our faith destroy!—
Our faith, alas!—Ah, no!—my faith no more—
I worship thee, and thee alone adore!
Yet hence with thee deceiv'd Armida bear;
The vanquish'd still attends the victor's car:
Let me be shewn, to all the camp display'd,
The proud betrayer, by thy guile betray'd.
Wretch as I am! shall still these locks be worn,
These locks that now are grown a lover's scorn?
These hands shall cut the tresses from my head,
And o'er my limbs a servile habit spread:
Thee will I follow, 'midst surrounding foes,
When all the fury of the battle glows.

I want not soul, so far at least, to dare
To lead thy courser, or thy jav'lin bear.
Let me sustain, or be myself thy shield;
Still will I guard thee in the dang'rous field.
No hostile hand so savage can be found,
Thro' my poor limbs thy dearer life to wound:
Soft mercy e'en may fell revenge restrain,
And these neglected charms some pity gain.—
Ah, wretch! and dare I still of beauty boast,
My pray'rs rejected, and my empire lost!

More had she said, but grief her words withstood;
Fast from her eyes distill'd the trickling flood:
With suppliant act she sought to grasp his hand;
She held his robe: unmov'd the chief remain'd.
Love found no more an entrance in his breast,
And firm resolves the starting tears suppress:
Yet pity soften'd soon his gen'rous soul;
Scarce could he now the tender dew controul:
But still he strove his secret thoughts to hide,
Compos'd his looks, and thus, at length, reply'd:—

Armida, thy distress, with grief, I see.
O! could I now thy lab'ring bosom free
From this ill-omen'd love!—Ah! hapless fair!
No scorn I harbour, and no hatred bear:
I seek no vengeance; no offence I know;
Nor canst thou be my slave, nor art my foe.
On either side, I fear, thy thoughts have stray'd
As love deceiv'd thee, or as anger sway'd;
But human frailties human pity claim;
Thy faith, thy sex, thy years, acquit thy fame.

I too have err'd; and shall I dare reprove
Thy tender bosom with the faults of love?
Here ever shall thy dear remembrance rest,
In joy and grief, the partner of my breast!
Still must I be thy champion—thine as far
As Christian faith permits, and Asia's war.
But, ah! let here our mutual weakness end;
No further now our mutual shame extend:
Here, from the world, on this extremest coast,
Be all our follies in oblivion lost!
'Midst all my deeds in Europe's clime reveal'd,
O! still be these, and these alone conceal'd!
Then let no rash ignoble thoughts disgrace
Thy worth, thy beauty, and thy royal race.
With me thou seek'st, in vain, to quit the land;
Superior pow'rs thy fond desire withstand.
Remain, or seek some happier place of rest;
And in thy wisdom calm thy troubl'd breast.
As thus the warrior spoke, the haughty dame
Scarce held her rage, now kindling to a flame;
A while she view'd him with a scornful look,
Then from her lips these furious accents broke:—
Boast not Bertoldo's nor Sophia's blood!
Thou sprung'st, relentless, from the stormy flood:
Thy infant years th'Hyrcanian tigress fed;
On frozen Caucasus thy youth was bred!—
See if he deigns one tender tear bestow,
Or pay one sigh in pity to my woe!
What shall I say, or whither shall I turn?
He calls me his,—yet leaves me here in scorn!

See how his foe the gen'rous victor leaves,
Forgets her error, and her crime forgives!
Hear how sedate, how cool his counsels prove!
This rigid Zeno in the school of love.
O Heav'n!—O Gods!—and shall this impious race
Your temples ravage, and your shrines deface?
Go, wretch—Such peace attend thy tortur'd mind
As I, forsaken here, am doom'd to find!
Fly hence!—begone!—but soon expect to view
My vengeful ghost thy trait'rous flight pursue:
A fury arm'd with snakes and torch I'll prove,
With terrors equal to my former love!
If fate decrees thee safe to pass the main,
Escap'd from rocks, to view th'embattl'd plain,
There shalt thou, sinking in the fatal strife,
Appease my vengeance with thy dearest life:
Oft shalt thou then by name Armida call
In dying groans, while I enjoy thy fall!
  She could no more; as these last words she spoke,
Scarce from her lips the sounds imperfect broke.
She faints! she sinks! all breathless pale she lies
In chilly sweats, and shuts her languid eyes.
Dost thou, Armida, now thy eye-lids close?
Heav'n envies sure one comfort to thy woes.
Ah, raise thy sight! behold thy deadly foe:
See, down his cheek the kindly sorrows flow.
O! could'st thou now, ill-fated lover! hear
His sighs soft breaking on thy raptur'd ear!
What fate permits (but this thou canst not view)
He gives, and, pitying, takes the last adieu.

What should he do?—thus, leave her on the coast,
'Twixt life and death, her struggling senses lost?
Compassion pleads, and courtesy detains;
But dire necessity his flight constrains.
He parts:—and now a friendly breeze prevails,
(The pilot's tresses waving in the gales)
The golden sail o'er surging ocean speeds,
And from the sight the flying shore recedes.
But when, recover'd from her trance, she stood,
And all around the land forsaken view'd,—
And is he gone?—Has then the traitor fled?
Left me in life's extremest need? (she said)
Would he not to my hapless state dispense
One moment's stay, or wait returning sense?
And do I love him still? still here remain,
And, unreveng'd, in empty words complain?
What then avail these tears, these female arms!
Far other arts are mine, and stronger charms.
I will pursue—nor Hell th'ingrate shall shield,
Nor Heav'n shall safety from my fury yield:
Now, now I seize him! now his heart I tear,
And scatter round his mangled limbs in air.
He knows each various art of torture well:
In his own arts the traitor I'll excell!—
But, ah, I wander! O, untimely boast!
Unbless'd Armida, whither art thou tost?
Then should'st thou to thy rage have giv'n the rein,
When he lay captive in thy pow'rful chain.
Then did the wretch no less thy hatred claim;
Too late thy rage now kindles to a flame!

O beauty scorn'd! since you th'offence sustain'd,
Be yours the due revenge your wrongs demand.
Lo! with my person shall his worth be paid,
Who from the battle brings that hated head.
Ye gallant youths, whom faithful love inspires,
A dang'rous, glorious task, my soul requires!
E'en I, to whom Damascus' realms shall bow,
The price of vengeance with myself bestow.
But, if contemn'd, I must not this obtain,
Then nature gave these boasted charms in vain:
Take back th'unhappy gift!—myself I hate,
My birth, my being, and my regal state.
One soothing hope alone can comfort give:
For sweet revenge I still consent to live!
  Thus with wild grief she ran her frenzy o'er,
Then turn'd her footsteps from the desart shore:
Her fiery looks her stormy passions show;
Loose in the wind her locks dishevell'd flow:
And in her eyes the flashing sparkles glow!
  Now, at her dome, she calls, with hideous yell,
Three hundred deities from deepest hell:
Soon murky clouds o'er all the skies are spread;
Th'eternal planet hides his sick'ning head.
On mountain-tops the furious whirlwinds blow;
Deep rocks the ground; Avernus groans below.
Thro' all the palace mingl'd cries resound;
Loud hissings, howls, and screams are heard around.
Thick glooms, more black than night, the walls enclose,
Where not a ray its friendly light bestows,

Save that, by fits, sulphureous lightnings stream,
And dart thro' sullen shades a dreadful gleam!
At length, the night dispers'd; and faintly shone,
With scarce recover'd looks, the doubtful sun:
No longer now the stately walls appear'd;
No trace remain'd where once the pile was rear'd.
Like cloudy vapours of the changing skies,
Where tow'rs and battlements in semblance rise,
That fleet before the winds, or solar beam,
Like idle phantoms of a sick man's dream,
So vanish'd all the pile, and nought remain'd
But native horrors 'midst a rocky land!
Then swift th'enchantress mounts her ready car,
And, girt with tempests, cleaves the fields of air.
Declining from the pole, where distant lie
Nations unknown beneath the eastern sky;
Alcides' pillars now she journeys o'er;
Nor seeks Hesperia's strand, nor Afric's shore;
But o'er the subject seas suspended flies,
Till Syria's borders to her view arise.
She seeks not then, Damascus' regal dome,
But shuns her once-lov'd seats and native home:
And guides her chariot to the fatal lands
Where, 'midst Asphaltus' waves, her castle stands.
There, from her menial train, and damsels eyes,
All pensive, in a lone retreat she lies:
A war of thought her troubl'd breast assails;
But soon her shame subsides, and wrath prevails.
Hence will I haste (she cry'd) ere Egypt's king
To Sion's plains his num'rous force can bring:

Try ev'ry art, in ev'ry form appear,
Bend the tough bow, and shake the missile spear.
My charms shall ev'ry leader's soul inspire,
And ev'ry breast with emulation fire.
O let the sweet revenge I seek be mine,
And virgin honour I with joy resign!
Nor thou, stern guardian, now my conduct blame:
Thine are my deeds, to thee belongs the shame:
Thy counsel first impell'd my tender mind
To acts that ill beseem'd the female kind.
Then all be thine, whate'er my errors prove,
What now I give to rage, as once to love!
She said; and thus resolv'd, she calls, in haste,
Knights, 'squires, and damsels, in her service plac'd.
A splendid train in duteous order wait;
All richly clad, attendant on her state.
With these, impatient, on her way she goes:
Nor sun, nor moon, beholds her take repose;
Till near she comes, to where the friendly bands
Lie wide encamp'd on Gaza's sultry sands.

END OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

THE

SEVENTEENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Egyptian troops and auxiliaries are mustered before the Caliph, seated on his throne. Armida unexpectedly appears with her forces: She enflames the leaders of the army with her beauty, and proffers her hand in marriage to any champion that shall kill Rinaldo. A contest thereupon ensues between Adrastus and Tisaphernes, but the Caliph interposing, puts a stop to it. Rinaldo and the two knights return to Palestine. On their landing they are met by the hermit, who had before entertained Charles and Ubald: He gives Rinaldo counsel for his future conduct, presents him with a suit of armour, and explains to him the actions of his anceſtors, that are represented in the shield. He then conducts the three warriors within sight of the camp, and dismisses them.

THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK OF JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

PLAC'D where Judæa's utmost bounds extend
Tow'rds fair Pelusium, Gaza's walls ascend;
Fast by the breezy shore the city stands,
Amid unbounded plains of barren sands,
Which high in air the furious whirlwinds sweep,
Like mountain-billows of the stormy deep;
That scarce th'affrighted trav'ller, spent with toil,
Escapes the tempest of th'unstable soil.
  Th'Egyptian monarch holds this frontier town,
Which from the Turkish pow'rs, of old, he won:
Since opportunely near the plains it lies,
To which he bends his mighty enterprize;
He left a while his court and ancient state,
And hither now transferr'd his regal seat;
And hither brought, encamp'd along the coast
From various provinces, a countless host.

Say, muse, what arms he us'd, what lands he sway'd,
What nations fear'd him, and what pow'rs obey'd:
How from the south he mov'd the realms afar,
And call'd the natives of the east to war:
Thou only canst disclose the dire alarms,
The bands and chiefs of half the world in arms.
When Egypt 'gainst the Grecian sway rebell'd,
The faith forsaking which her fathers held,
A warrior, sprung from Macon, seiz'd the throne,
And fix'd his seat in Cairo's stately town,
A Caliph call'd; from him each prince who wears
Th'Egyptian crown, the name of Caliph bears.
Thus Nile beheld succeeding Pharaohs shine,
And Ptolemys enroll'd from line to line.
And now revolving years their course pursu'd,
And well secur'd the empire's basis stood,
O'er Lybia wide, and Asia spread its pow'r,
From fair Cirenè to the Syrian shore;
Where sev'nfold Nile o'erflows the fatten'd land,
And where Syene's sun-burnt dwellings stand;
Where proud Euphrates laves Assyria's fields;
Her spicy stores where rich Maremma yields:
And far beyond extends the potent sway,
To climes that nearer greet the rising day.
Vast in itself the mighty kingdom show'd,
But added glories now its lord bestow'd:
Of blood illustrious, and by virtues known,
The arts of peace and war were all his own!
Against the Turks and Persians force engag'd,
With various fortune, mighty wars he wag'd;

Success and loss, by turns, ordain'd to meet,
In conquest great, but greater in defeat!
At length, with creeping age his strength decay'd,
Reluctant, at his side he sheath'd the blade:
For yet his soul retain'd the martial flame,
The thirst of empire, and the lust of fame.
His chiefs, abroad, their sov'reign's wars maintain'd,
While he, at home, in regal splendor reign'd.
His name the realms of Afric trembling heard,
And furthest Ind his distant rule rever'd:
Some sent their martial bands, a willing aid,
And some, with gold and gems their tribute paid.
Such was the man, who drew his various force
From climes remote, t'oppose the Christians course.
Armida hither came, in happy hour,
What time the king review'd his num'rous pow'r.
High on a stately throne himself was plac'd;
Th'ascent a hundred steps of iv'ry grac'd:
A silver canopy o'erspread his seat,
And gold and purple lay beneath his feet:
Around his head the snow-white linen roll'd,
His turban form'd of many a winding fold:
The sceptre in his better hand was seen,
His beard was white, and awful was his mien.
His thoughtful brow sedate experience shows,
Yet in his eye-balls youthful ardor glows.
Alike maintain'd, in ev'ry act appears
The pomp of pow'r, or dignity of years.
So when or Phydias' or Apelles' art
To lifeless forms could seeming life impart,

In such a shape they shew'd to mortal eyes
Majestic Jove, when thund'ring from the skies.
Beside the caliph, waits on either hand,
A mighty peer, the noblest of the land;
This holds the seal, ministrant near the throne,
And bends his cares to civil rule alone:
But greater that the sword of justice bears,
And, prince of armies, guides the course of wars.
  Beneath, with thronging spears, a circling band,
In deep array his bold Circassians stand:
The cuirass-plates their manly breasts defend!
And crooked sabres at their sides depend.
  Thus sat the monarch, and from high beheld
Th'assembled nations marshall'd on the field;
While as the squadrons pass'd his lofty seat,
They bow'd their arms and ensigns at his feet.
  First march'd the forces drawn from Egypt's lands
Four were their chiefs, and each a troop commands.
Two came from Upper, two from Lower Nile,
Where ocean's waters once o'erspread the soil:
Now lie far distant from the briny flood
Those fields which once the coasting sailor view'd.
  First of the squadrons, mov'd the ready train
That dwell in Alexandria's wealthy plain;
Along the land that westward far declines,
Whose wide extent with Afric's border joins.
Araspes was their chief, who more excell'd
In close device than action in the field.
The troops succeed on Asia's coast, who lie
Against the beams that gild the morning sky:

These leads Aronteus, not by virtue fir'd,
But with the pride of titles vain inspir'd:
No massy helm ere this had press'd his brows,
Nor early trump disturb'd his soft repose:
But now, from ease to scenes of toil he came;
By false ambition lur'd with hopes of fame.
The next that march'd appear'd no common band,
But a huge host that cover'd all the land:
It seem'd that Egypt's fields of waving grain
Could scarce suffice their numbers to sustain:
Yet these within one ample city dwell'd;
These mighty Cairo in her circuit held.
From crowded streets she sends her sons to war;
And these Campsones brings beneath his care.
Then, under Gazel, march'd the troop who till'd
The neighb'ring glebe, with gen'rous plenty fill'd;
And far above, where loud the river roars,
And from on high its second cat'ract pours.
No arms but swords and bows th'Egyptians bear,
Nor weighty mail, nor shining helmets wear:
Their habits rich, not fram'd to daunt the foe,
But rouze to plunder with the pompous show.
 Next Barca's tawny sons, a barb'rous throng,
Beneath their chief, Alarcon, march'd along:
Half-arm'd they came; these, long to plunder train'd,
A hungry life on barren sands sustain'd.
Zumara's king a fairer squadron leads;
To him the king of Tripoly succeeds:
Both weak in steady fight, but skill'd to dare
In sudden onset, and a flying war.

Then those whose culture each Arabia claim'd;
The Stony that, and this the Happy nam'd.
The last ne'er doom'd (if fame the truth declare)
The fierce extremes of heat and cold to bear.
Here odorif'rous gums their sweets diffuse;
Th'immortal phœnix here his youth renews;
Here on a pile of many a rich perfume,
Prepares at once his cradle and his tomb!
Less costly these their vests and armour wore;
But weapons, like the troops of Egypt bore.
To these succeed the wand'ring Arab train,
Who shift their canvas-towns from plain to plain:
Their accents female, and their stature low;
A sable hue their gloomy features show,
And down their backs the jetty ringlets flow.
Long Indian canes they arm with pointed steel,
And round the plain their steeds impetuous wheel:
Thou wouldst have thought the winds impell'd their c
If speed of wings could match the rapid horse.
Arabia's foremost squadron Syphax leads;
Before the second bold Aldine proceeds.
The third have Albiazar at their head,
A chief in rapine, not in knighthood bred.
Then from the various islands march'd a train,
Whose rocks are 'compass'd by th' Arabian main:
There were they wont, in arts of fishing skill'd,
To draw rich pearls from ocean's wat'ry field.
And join'd with those, the neighb'ring lands that lie
Beside the Red Sea shore, their aids supply.

Those Agricaltes; these Mulasses guides,
Who ev'ry faith and ev'ry law derides.
Next march'd the swarthy troops from Meroe's soil,
That dwell 'twixt Astaborn and fruitful Nile;
Where Ethiopia spreads her sultry plains,
Whose vast extent three diff'rent states contains:
Two Assimirus and Canarius sway'd;
These Macon's laws and Egypt's rule obey'd,
And 'gainst the Christian host their forces led.
The third, whose sons the pure religion knew,
Mix'd not its warriors with the Pagan crew.
  Two tributary kings their squadrons show,
That bear in fight the quiver and the bow.
Soldan of Ormus one, a barren land,
Where the vast Gulph of Persia laves the strand.
One in Boëcan held his regal place,
Whose kingdom oft the rising tides embrace;
But when the ebbing waves forsake the shore,
With feet unbath'd the trav'ller passes o'er.
  Not thee, O Altamorus, from the plain
Thy faithful spouse could in her arms detain:
She wept, she beat her breast, she tore her hair,
And begg'd thee oft thy purpose to forbear.
Dost thou to me prefer, unkind! (she cry'd)
The dreadful aspect of the stormy tide?
Are weapons gentler burthens to thy arms
Than thy dear son, who smiles in infant charms?
  Samarcand's realms this pow'rful king obey;
No subject crown, no tributary sway:

In fields he shone, conspicuous in the fight,
And stood supreme in courage as it might.
The cuirass on their breast his warriors brace;
Their side the sword, their saddle bears the mace.
Next from the seats of morn, beyond the shores
Of Ganges' stream, Adrastus brings his pow'rs.
Around his limbs a serpent's skin he drew,
Diversify'd with spots of sable hue;
While for his steed he press'd (tremendous sight!)
A mighty elephant of tow'ring height.
Then came the regal band, the caliph's boast,
The flow'r of war, and vigour of the host:
All arm'd in proof, well furnish'd for the field,
On foaming steeds their rapid course they held.
Rich purple vestments gleam upon the day,
And steel and gold reflect a mingled ray!
Alcarus here and Hidraotes came;
Here Odemarus rode: a mighty name!
Here, 'midst, the valiant Rimedon appear'd,
Whose daring soul nor toil nor danger fear'd.
Tigranes here and Ormond fierce were found;
Ripoldo, once for piracy renown'd:
And Marlabustus bold, th'Arabian nam'd,
Since late his might the rebel Arabs tam'd.
Here Pirgas, Arimon, Orindus shone;
Brimartes, fam'd for many a conquer'd town:
Syphantes, skill'd the bounding steed to rein;
And thou, Aridamantes, form'd to gain
The prize of wrestling on the dusty plain!

Here Tisaphernes, with a dauntless air,
Tow'r'd o'er the rest, the thunder-bolt of war!
Whose force in battle ev'ry force excell'd
To lift the jav'lin, or the falchion wield.
Oe'r these the sway a brave Armenian bears,
Who left the Christian faith in early years
For Pagan lore; his former name estrang'd,
To Emirenes then was Clement chang'd:
Yet was he well esteem'd for faith sincere,
And far o'er all his sov'reign held him dear.
No more remain'd; when now, to sudden view,
The fair Armida with her squadron drew.
High on a stately car the royal dame,
In martial pomp (a female archer!) came:
A slender belt her flowing robe restrain'd;
Her side the shafts, her hand the bow sustain'd.
E'en sweet in wrath; her charms the gazer move;
And while she threats, her threat'ning kindles love!
Her radiant car, like that which bears the sun,
Bright with the jacynth and pyropus shone.
Beneath the golden yoke, in pairs constrain'd,
Four unicorns the skilful driver rein'd.
A hundred maids, a hundred pages round
Attend; the quivers on their shoulders sound:
Each in the field bestrides a milk-white steed,
Practis'd to turn, and like the wind in speed.
Her troop succeeds, which Aradine commands,
And Hidraotes rais'd in Syria's lands.
As when, again reviv'd, the phœnix soars
To visit Ethiopia's much-lov'd shores,

And spreads his vary'd wings with plumage bright
(Sky-înctur'd plumes that gleam with golden light!)
On either hand the feather'd nations fly,
And, wond'ring, trace his progress thro' the sky,
So pass'd the fair, while gazing hosts admire
Her graceful looks, her gesture, and attire.
If thus her face, with awful anger arm'd,
Such various throngs with pow'r resistless charm'd,
Well might her softer arts each bosom move
With winning glances and the smiles of love.

Armida past; the king of kings commands
Brave Emirenes, from the martial bands,
T'attend his will; to him he gives the post,
O'er all the chiefs, to guide the num'rous host.
He came, his looks with grace majestic shin'd,
And spoke him worthy of the rank design'd.
At once the guard divides; a path is shown;
He treads the steps ascending to the throne:
There, on his humble knee, the ground he press'd,
And bow'd his head low-bending o'er his breast.
To him the king:—This sceptre, chief, receive:
To thee the rule of yonder host I give.
Thou, Emirenes, now my place supply;
Deliver Sion's king, our old ally:
Swift on the Franks my dread resentment pour;
Go—see—and conquer—in th'avenging hour;
No Christian 'scape! their name no more be known,
And bring the living, bound, before my throne.

The monarch spoke: the warrior from his hand
Receiv'd the sov'reign ensign of command.

This sceptre from unconquer'd hands (he cry'd)
I take, O king: thy fortune is my guide.
Arm'd in thy cause I go, thy captain sworn,
T'avenge the wrongs which Asia's realms have borne:
Nor will I e'er return but crown'd with fame:
Death, if I fail, shall hide a warrior's shame!
Should unexpected ills, ye pow'rs, impend,
On me alone let all the storm descend!
Preserve the host while, victors, from the plain
They bring their chief in glorious triumph slain.
He ceas'd; the troops with loud applause reply,
And barb'rous clangors echo to the sky,
And now departs, amid the mingl'd sound,
The king of kings, with peers encompass'd round:
These summon'd to the lofty tent of state,
In equal honours with the monarch sate:
Himself benignant ev'ry chief addrest,
And gave to each a portion of the feast.
There for her arts fit time Armida found,
While pleasure reign'd, and festive sport went round.
The banquet o'er, the dame, who well descries
That all beheld her charms with wond'ring eyes,
Slow from her seat arose, with regal look,
And thus, respectful, to the caliph spoke:—
O mighty king! behold with these I stand
To guard our faith, and combat for the land.
A damsel, yet I boast a royal name;
Nor scorns a queen to mix in fields of fame.
Who seeks to reign, in arts of ruling skill'd,
By turns the sceptre and the sword must wield.

This hand in battle can the jav'lin use;
And, where it strikes, the wound the strokes pursues.
Hast thou not heard how once I pris'ners made
The bravest knights whose arms the Cross display'd?
These overcome, in rugged chains confin'd,
To thee a glorious present I design'd:
So had thy pow'rs (their bravest champions lost)
With sure success o'erthrown the Christian host.
But fierce Rinaldo, who my warriors slew,
Releas'd, in evil hour, the captive crew.
'Tis he, the wretch! of whom I wrong'd complain,
And, unreveng'd, these wrongs I yet sustain.
A just resentment hence my bosom warms,
And fires, with added zeal, my soul to arms.—
But what my wrongs hereafter times shall speak;
Let this suffice,—a great revenge I seek!
Revenge be mine!—and sure, not sent in vain,
Some pointed shaft may fix him to the plain.
Heav'n oft from righteous hands directs the dart,
And guides the weapon to the guilty heart.
But should some knight, by thirst of glory led,
Bring me from yonder field the Christian's head,
These eyes with joy the welcome gift shall view:
The victor chief shall find a victor's due:
My hand in marriage shall the hero gain
With ample dow'ry, and a large domain.
Say, Is there one who will the prize regard,
And dare the peril meet for such reward?
While thus the damsel spoke, with longing eyes
Adrastus views her, and at length replies:—

Forbid it, Heav'n, that e'er Rinaldo's heart
Should feel the vengeance of Armida's dart!
Shall such a wretch to thee resign his breath,
And sweetly perish by an envy'd death?
In me, thy minister of wrath survey!
His forfeit head before thy feet I'll lay;
This hand shall rend his breast, and scatter far
His mangl'd body to the fowls of air.

While thus the Indian proud Adrastus spoke,
These haughty words from Tisaphernes broke:—

And what art thou, whose empty pride can dare
Before our monarch thus thy vaunts declare?
Know, many a chief (tho' silent here) exceeds
Thy boasted valour with his martial deeds.

To him his rival with indignant scorn:
Lo, one for action—not for vaunting born!
And elsewhere hadst thou dar'd our wrath provoke,
Thy last of words, insensate! had'st thou spoke.

Thus furious they; but with his awful hand,
Their common lord the growing strife restrain'd.
Then to Armida thus:—Thy manly mind
Seems far exalted o'er thy softer kind:
With thee remains the pow'r, transcendent dame,
To calm these warriors, and their rage reclaim!
'Tis thine, at will, to bid their fury glow
With nobler vengeace on the public foe:
Then shall each champion's valour stand confest,
While emulation breathes from breast to breast.

This said, the monarch ceas'd; and either knight
Vow'd in her cause to wield the sword in fight.

Nor these alone, but all whom glory warms,
Now vaunt their courage and their force in arms:
All to the damsel proffer certain aid,
And vow deep vengeance on Rinaldo's head.
While thus against the hero, once belov'd,
Such various pow'rs, such mighty foes she mov'd,
He whom her hate pursu'd the land forsook,
And thro' the main his prosp'rous voyage took.
The wind, that late impell'd the pilot's sails,
Now favour'd her return with western gales.
The youth the pole and either Bear survey'd,
And all the stars that gild night's sable shade:
He view'd the foamy flood, the mountains steep,
Whose shaggy fronts o'ershade the silent deep:
Now of the camp he asks, and now enquires
Of diff'rent nations, and their rites admires.
Thus thro' surrounding waves the warriors fly,
Till the fourth morning paints the eastern sky:
And when the setting sun to sight was lost,
The rapid vessel gain'd the destin'd coast.
Then thus the virgin:—Here our voyage ends,
Here Palestine her welcome shore extends.
The heroes land, and from their wond'ring eyes
The mystic pilot in a moment flies.
Now o'er the prospect eve her mantle threw,
And ev'ry object from the sight withdrew.
Uncertain, 'midst the sandy wilds they stray;
No friendly beam to guide them on their way.
At length the pale-orb'd queen of silent night,
Slow rising, streak'd the parting clouds with light:

Sudden the chiefs a distant blaze behold,
With rays of silver, and with gleams of gold.
Approaching then, they radiant arms survey'd,
On which the moon with full reflection play'd.
Thick set as stars, with many a costly stone,
The golden helm and polish'd cuirass shone.
An aged tree the massy burden held:
Against the trunk was hung the mighty shield;
Mysterious forms emblaz'd its spacious field.
Beneath the spreading boughs a hermit sat,
Who courteous rose th'advancing knights to meet.
When now the Dane and Ubald nearer drew,
In him their friend, their ancient host, they knew:
At once they greet the sage with glad surprize;
The sage with mild benevolence replies.
Then tow'rds Rinaldo, who with wonder view'd
His rev'rend form, he turn'd, and thus pursu'd:—
For thy arrival, chief, and thine alone,
I here have stay'd in desart shades unknown.
In me thy friend behold: let these relate
How far my care has watch'd thy former state.
These, taught by me, th'enchantress pow'r defy'd,
And freed thy soul in magic fetters ty'd:
Attend my words, nor harsh their tenor deem,
Tho' far unlike the syren's wanton theme:
Deep in thy heart repose each sacred truth,
Till holier lips instruct thy list'ning youth.
Think not our good is plac'd in flow'ry fields,
In transient joys which fading beauty yields;

Above the steep, the rocky path it lies,
On virtue's hill, whose summit cleaves the skies.
Who gains th'ascent must many toils engage,
And spurn the pleasures of a thoughtless age.
Wilt thou, dismay'd, the arduous height forego,
And lurk ignobly in the vale below?
To thee a face erect has nature giv'n,
And the pure spirit of congenial Heav'n,
That far from earth thy gen'rous thoughts might rise
To gain, by virtuous deeds, th'immortal prize.
She gave thee courage not, with impious rage,
T'oppress thy friends, and civil combats wage,
But that thy soul with noble warmth might glow
In fields of fight against the common foe.
Wisdom to proper objects points our ire;
Now gentle cools, now fans the rising fire.
He spoke: with downcast eyes the hero stood
While thus the words of truth resistless flow'd.
Full well his secret thoughts the hermit view'd:
Now lift thy eyes, O son, (he thus pursu'd)
See in that shield thy great forefathers shown,
Whose mighty deeds to distant times are known.
Wilt thou the honours of thy line disgrace,
And lag behind in glory's sacred race?
Rise, gallant youth; and while thy sires I name,
From their example catch the gen'rous flame.
He said; with eager gaze the knight beheld
The sculptur'd stories to his sight reveal'd.
There, in a narrow space, the master's mind,
With wond'rous art, a thousand forms design'd:

There shone great Estè's race, whose noble blood
From Roman source in streams unsully'd flow'd.
With laurel crown'd, the god-like chiefs appear'd;
The sage their honours and their wars declar'd.
Caius he shew'd, who (when th'imperial sway
Declining fell to alien hands a prey)
A willing people taught to own his pow'r,
And first of Estè's line the sceptre bore.
When now the Goth (a rude destructive name,
Call'd by Honorius) big with ruin came;
When Rome, oppress'd and captive to the foe,
Fear'd one dire hour would all her state o'erthrow,
He shew'd how brave Aurelius stood the shock,
And kept his subjects from a foreign yoke.
Forestus then he nam'd, whose noble pride
The Huns, the tyrants of the north, defy'd.
Fierce Attila, their lord, of savage mien,
By him subdu'd in single fight was seen.
See next the patriot chief, with ceaseless care,
For Aquileia's strong defence prepare;
Th'Italian Hector in the task of war!
But, ah, too soon he ends his mortal state,
And in his own includes his country's fate!
Then Acarinus to his father's fame
Succeeds, the champion of the Roman name.
Not to the Huns, but fate, Altinus yields,
And, far retir'd, a surer kingdom builds:
Deep in the vale of Po his city rose
(A thousan' scatter'd cots his town compose)

Which distant ages shall with pride proclaim
The seat of empire of th'Estensian name.
He quells th'Alani; but, in stern debate
With Odoacer, meets the stroke of fate:
For Italy he bravely yields his breath,
And shares paternal honour by his death.
With him the gallant Alphorisius dies:
To exile Actius, with his brother, flies;
But soon return'd (th'Erulean king o'erthrown)
Again in council and in arms they shone.
Next, as his eye receiv'd the barbed steel,
A second brave Epaminondas fell:
See where with smiles he seems his life to yield,
Since Totila is fled, and safe his shield.
His son Valerian emulates his name,
And treads the footsteps of paternal fame:
Scarce yet a man, of manly force possess'd,
His daring hand th'encroaching Goth repress'd.
Near him with warlike mien Ernestus rose,
Who routs in field the rough Sclavonian foes.
With these intrepid Aldoard is shown,
Who'gainst th'Lombard king defends Monscelce's town.
Henry and Berengarius then appear'd,
Who serv'd where Charles his glorious banners rear'd.
Then Lewis follow'd, who the war maintain'd
Against his nephew that in Latium reign'd.
Next Otho with his sons, a friendly band;
Five blooming youths around their father stand.
There Almeric, Ferrara's Marquis, came,
(Ferrara plac'd by Po's majestic stream)

See where he lifts to Heav'n his pious eyes!
Beneath his care what hallow'd fanes arise!
The second Actius fill'd a diff'rent side,
Who bloody strife with Berengarius try'd;
But, after many various turns of fate,
Subdu'd his foe, and rul'd th'Italian state:
Albertus now appear'd, his valiant son,
Who from Germania mighty trophies won;
Who foil'd the Danes, and to his nuptial bed,
With ample dow'ry, Otho's daughter led.
Next Hugo, who the haughty Romans quell'd,
And o'er the Tuscan lands dominion held.
Tedaldo then; and now the sculpture shew'd,
With Beatrice, where Bonifacius stood.
No male succeeded to the large domain,
No son the father's honours to maintain.
Mathilda follow'd, who with virtues try'd,
Full well the want of manly sex supply'd:
In arts of sway the wise and valiant dame
O'er crowns and sceptres rais'd the female fame:
The Norman there she chac'd! here quell'd in field
Guiscard the brave, before untaught to yield:
Henry she crush'd (the fourth that bore the name)
And with his standards to the temple came;
Then in the Vatican, with honours grac'd,
In Peter's chair the sov'reign pontiff plac'd.
See the fifth Actius near her person move,
With looks of rev'rence and of duteous love.
Actius the fourth, a happier race has known;
Thence Guelpho issues, Kunigunda's son:

Retiring, to Germania's call he yields,
By fate transplanted to Bavarian's fields:
There on the Guelphian tree, with age decay'd,
Great Esté's branch its foliage fair display'd:
Then might you soon the Guelphian race behold
Renew their sceptres and their crowns of gold.
From hence Bertoldo rose, of matchless fame;
Hence the sixth Actius, bright in virtue, came.
Such were the chiefs whose forms the shield exprest;
And emulation fir'd Rinaldo's breast:
In fancy rapt, each future toil he view'd,
Proud cities storm'd, and mighty hosts subdu'd.
Swift o'er his limbs the burnish'd mail he throws,
Already hopes the fight, and triumphs o'er the foes.
And now the Dane, who told how Sweno fell
In fatal strife beneath the Pagan steel;
To brave Rinaldo gave the destin'd blade;
In happy hour receive this sword (he said)
Avenge its former lord, whose worth demands,
Whose love deserves this vengeance at thy hands.
Then thus the hero:—Grant, O gracious Heav'n,
The hand to which this fated sword is giv'n,
With this may emulate its master's fame,
And pay the tribute due to Sweno's name!
So they. But now the sage without delay
Impell'd the warriors on their purpos'd way:
Haste, let us seek the Christian camp (he cry'd)
Myself will thro' the waste your journey guide.
He said; and strait his ready car ascends;
(Each knight obsequious at his word attends)

He gives the steeds the rein, the lash applies;
Swift to the east the rolling chariot flies.
Again the hoary hermit silence broke,
And sudden, turning to Rinaldo, spoke:—
To thee 'twas giv'n the ancient root to trace,
Whence sprung the branches of th'Estensian race:
Still shall that stock succeeding years supply,
Nor, damp'd with age, the pregnant virtue die.
O! could I now, as late the past I told,
The future ages to thy view unfold,
Succeeding heroes should thy wonder raise,
Great as the first in number as in praise:
But truths like these are hidden from my sight,
Or seen thro' dusky clouds with doubtful light.
Yet hear and trust to what my words disclose:
Since from a purer source this knowledge flows
(From him *, to whose far-piercing mind 'tis giv'n
To view, unveil'd, the deep decrees of Heav'n)
Thy sons, the heroes of the times to come,
Shall match the chiefs of Carthage, Greece, or Rome!
But o'er the rest shall rise Alphonso's fame,
Alphonso second of the glorious name!
Born when an age corrupt, to vice declin'd,
Shall boast but few examples to mankind:
He, while a youth, in mimic scenes of war,
Shall certain signs of early worth declare;
In forest wilds shall chace the savage train,
And the first honours of the list obtain;

* Peter.

In riper years, in war unconquer'd prove,
And hold his subjects in the bands of love!
'Tis his to guard his realms from all alarms,
'Midst mighty pow'rs, and jarring states in arms;
To cherish arts, bid early genius grow,
And splendid games and festivals bestow;
In equal scales the good and bad to weigh;
And guard with care for ev'ry future day.
O! should he rise against that impious race
Whose deeds shall then the earth and seas deface,
Who, in those times, shall hold mankind in awe,
And give to more enlighten'd minds the law,
Then shall his righteous vengeance wide be known
For shrines profan'd, and altars overthrown:
In that great hour, what judgment shall he bring
On the false sect, and on their tyrant king!
The Turk and Moor, with thousands in their train,
Shall seek to stop his conqu'ring arms in vain.
Beyond the climate where Euphrates flows,
Beyond mount Taurus, white with endless snows,
Beyond the realms of summer shall he bear
The Cross, the Eagle, and the Lily fair;
The secret source of ancient Nile shall trace,
And in the faith baptize the sable race.
He spoke: and transport fill'd the warrior's breast,
To hear the glories of his line exprest.
Now had the light proclaim'd the dawning day,
And the east redden'd with a warmer ray,
When high above the tents they view'd afar
The streaming banners trembling in the air.

Then thus the rev'rend sire anew begun:—
Behold before us beams the golden sun,
Whose friendly rays discover wide around
The plains, the city, and the tented ground.
Hence may you pass without a further guide:
A nearer prospect is to me deny'd.
He said; and instant bade the chiefs adieu;
And these, on foot, their ready way pursue.
Meanwhile the news of their arrival came
To all the camp, divulg'd by flying fame;
And Godfrey, rising from his awful seat,
With speed advanc'd the welcome knights to meet.

END OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

THE

EIGHTEENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rinaldo returns to the camp, and is graciously received by Godfrey. After offering his devotions on mount Olivet, he enters upon the adventure of the enchanted wood. He withstands all the illusions of the Dæmons, and dissolves the enchantment. The Christians then build new machines: In the mean time Godfrey has intelligence of the approach of the Egyptian army to raise the siege. Vafrino is sent as a spy to the Egyptian camp. Godfrey attacks the city with great resolution: The Pagans make an obſtinate defence. Rinaldo particularly signalizes himself, and first scales the walls. Ismeno is killed. The arch-angel Michael appears to the Christian general, and shews him the celestial army, and the souls of the warriors that were slain in the battle engaged in his cause. Victory now declares for the Christians: Godfrey first plants his standard on the wall, and the city is entered on all sides.

THE

EIGHTEENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

AND now they met: Rinaldo first began,
And thus, sincere, address'd the godlike man:—
O prince, the care t'efface my honour's stain
Impell'd my vengeance on the warrior slain:
But, late convinc'd, the rash offence I own;
And deep contrition since my soul has known.
By thee recall'd, I seek the camp again;
And may my future deeds thy grace obtain!
Him lowly bending, with complacent look
Godfrey beheld, embrac'd, and thus bespoke:—
No more remembrance irksome truths shall tell;
The past shall ever in oblivion dwell:
Lo, all th'amends I claim—thy weapons wield,
And shine the wonted terror of the field.
'Tis thine t'assist thy friends, amaze thy foes,
And the dire fiends in yonder wood oppose.

Yon wood, from whence our warlike piles we made,
Conceals deep magic in its dreadful shade:
Horrid it stands! of all our num'rous host,
No hands to fell th'enchanted timbers boast.
Then go: 'tis thine the mighty task to try;
There prove thy valour where the valiant fly.
Thus he. In brief again the warrior spoke,
And, dauntless, on himself th'adventure took.
Then to the rest he stretch'd his friendly hand,
And gladly greeted all the social band.
Brave Tancred now, and noble Guelpho came,
With each bold leader of the Christian name.
The vulgar next he view'd with gracious eye,
And affable receiv'd the gen'ral joy.
Nor round him less the shouting soldiers press'd
Than if the hero from the conquer'd east,
Or mid-day realms, enrich'd with spoils of war,
Had rode triumphant on his glitt'ring car.
Thence to his tent he pass'd; there plac'd in state,
Encircl'd by his friends the champion sate.
There much he answer'd; much to know desir'd;
Oft of the war and wond'rous wood enquir'd.
At length, the rest withdrawn, the hermit broke
His silence first, and thus the youth bespoke:—
O chief, what wonders have thy eyes survey'd!
How far remote thy erring feet have stray'd!
Think what thou ow'st to Him who rules on high:
He gave thee from th'enchanted seats to fly:
Thee, from his flock, a wand'ring sheep, he sought,
And, now recover'd, to his fold has brought:

By Godfrey's voice he calls thee to fulfil
The mighty purpose of his sacred will.
But think not yet, impure with many a stain,
In his high cause to lift thy hand profane:
Nor Nile, nor Ganges, nor the boundless sea,
With cleansing tides, can wash thy crimes away.
Sincere, to God thy secret sins declare,
And, sorrowing, seek his grace with fervent pray'r.
He said; and first the prince, in humble strain,
Bewail'd his senseless love and rage as vain:
Then low before the sage's feet he kneel'd,
And all the errors of his youth reveal'd.
The pious hermit then absolv'd the knight,
And thus pursu'd:—With early dawn of light,
On yonder mount thy pure devotion pay,
That rears its front against the morning ray.
Thence seek the wood, whose monsters thou must quell,
Let no vain frauds thy daring steps repel:
Ah! let no tuneful voice, nor plaints beguile,
Nor beauty win thee with enticing smile:
Sternly resolv'd, avoid each dang'rous snare,
And scorn the treach'rous look and well-dissembl'd pray'r.
So counsell'd he. The youth obsequious heard,
And, eager for th'important deed prepar'd:
In thought he pass'd the day, in thought the night;
And ere the clouds were streak'd with growing light,
Enclos'd his limbs in arms, and o'er him threw
A flowing mantle of unwonted hue.
Alone, on foot, his silent way he took,
And left his comrades, and the tents forsook.

Now night with day divided empire held,
Nor this was fully ris'n, nor that expell'd:
The cheerful east the dawning rays display'd,
And stars yet glimmer'd thro' the western shade.
To Olivet the pensive hero pass'd,
And, musing deep, around his looks he cast,
Alternate viewing here the spangl'd skies,
And there the spreading light of morning rise.
Then to himself he said:—What beams divine
In Heav'n's eternal sacred temple shine!
The day can boast the chariot of the sun,
The night the golden stars and silver moon;
But ah, how few will raise their minds so high,
While the frail beauties of a mortal eye
The transient light'nings of a glance, a smile
From female charms, our earthly sense beguile!
While thus he mus'd, he gain'd the hill's ascent;
There, low on earth, with humble knee he bent;
Then on the east devoutly fix'd his eyes,
And rais'd his pious thoughts above the skies.
Almighty Father, hear!—my pray'rs approve!
Far from my sins thy awful sight remove!
O let thy grace each thought impure controul,
And purge from earthly dross my erring soul!
Thus while he pray'd, Aurora, rising bright,
To radiant gold has chang'd her rosy light:
O'er all his arms th'increasing splendor plays,
The hallow'd mount and grove reflect the rays.
Full in his face the morn her breeze renews,
And scatters on his head ambrosial dews;

His robe, with lucid pearls besprinkl'd o'er,
Receives a snowy hue unknown before.
So with the dawn the drooping flow'ret blooms;
The serpent thus a second youth assumes.
Surpriz'd, his alter'd vest the warrior view'd,
Then turn'd his steps to reach the fatal wood.
And now he came where late the bands retir'd,
Struck with the dread the distant gloom inspir'd:
Yet him nor secret doubts nor terrors move,
But fair in prospect rose the magic grove.
While, like the rest, the knight expects to hear
Loud peals of thunder breaking on his ear;
A dulcet symphony his sense invades,
Of nymphs or dryads warbling thro' the shades.
Soft sighs the breeze, soft purls the silver rill,
The feather'd choir the woods with music fill:
The tuneful swan in dying notes complains;
The mourning nightingale repeats her strains:
Timbrels, and harps, and human voices join;
And in one concert all the sounds combine!
In wonder wrapt, a while Rinaldo stood,
And thence his way with wary steps pursu'd:
When, lo! a crystal flood his course oppos'd,
Whose winding train the forest round enclos'd
On either hand with flow'rs of various dies;
The smiling banks perfum'd the ambient skies.
From this a smaller limpid current flow'd,
And pierc'd the bosom of the lofty wood:
This to the trees a welcome moisture gave,
Whose boughs, o'erhanging, trembl'd in its wave.

Now here, now there, the ford the warrior try'd,
When, sudden rais'd, a wond'rous bridge he 'spy'd;
That, built of gold, on stately arches stood,
And shew'd an ample passage o'er the flood.
He trod the path, the further margin gain'd;
And now the magic pile no more remain'd:
The stream so calm, arose with hideous roar,
And down its foamy surge the shining fabric bore.
The hero turning, saw the tide o'erflow,
Like sudden torrents swell'd with melting snow.
Then new desires incite his feet to rove
Thro' all the deep recesses of the grove.
As searching round, from shade to shade he strays,
New scenes at once invite him, and amaze.
Where'er he treads, the earth her tribute pours
In gushing springs, or voluntary flow'rs:
Here blooms the lily; there the fragrant rose;
Here spouts a fountain; there a riv'let flows:
From ev'ry spray the liquid manna trills;
And honey from the soft'ning bark distils.
Again the strange, the pleasing sound he hears
Of plaints and music mingling in his ears:
Yet nought appears that mortal voice can frame,
Nor harp, nor timbrel, whence the music came.
As fix'd he silent stands in deep surprize,
And reason to the sense her faith denies,
He sees a myrtle near, and thither bends,
Where in a plain the path far-winding ends:
Her ample boughs the stately plant display'd
Above the lofty palm, or cypress' shade:

High o'er the subject trees sublime she stood,
And seem'd the verdant empress of the wood.
While round the champion cast a doubtful view,
A greater wonder his attention drew:
A lab'ring oak a sudden cleft disclos'd,
And from its bark a living birth expos'd;
Whence (passing all belief!) in strange array,
A lovely damsel issu'd to the day.
A hundred diff'rent trees the knight beheld,
Whose fertile wombs a hundred nymphs reveal'd.
As oft in pictur'd scenes we see display'd
Each graceful goddess of the sylvan shade;
With arms expos'd, with vesture girt around,
With purple buskins, and with hair unbound:
Alike to view, before the hero stood
These shadowy daughters of the wond'rous wood,
Save that their hands nor bows nor quivers wield;
But this a harp, and that a timbrel held.
Now, in a circle form'd, the sportive train
With song and dance their mystic rites began;
Around the myrtle and the knight they sung:
And in his ear these tuneful accents rung:—
All hail! and welcome to this pleasing grove,
Armida's hope, the treasure of her love!
Com'st thou (O long expected!) to relieve
The painful wounds the darts of absence give?
This wood, that frown'd so late with horrid shade,
Where pale despair her mournful dwelling made,
Behold, at thy approach reviv'd appears;
At thy approach a gentler aspect wears.

Thus they. Low thunders from the myrtle rose,
And strait the bark a cleft wide-op'ning shows;
In wonder wrapt, have ancient times survey'd
A rude Silenus issuing from the shade;
A fairer form the teeming tree display'd.
A damsel thence appear'd, whose lovely frame
Might equal beauties of celestial name:
On her Rinaldo fix'd his heedful eyes,
And saw Armida's features with surprize:
On him a sad yet pleasing look she bends,
And in the glance a thousand passions blends.
Then thus:—And art thou now return'd from flight,
Again to bless forlorn Armida's sight?
Com'st thou the balm of comfort to bestow,
To ease my widow'd nights, my days of woe?
Or art thou here to work me further harms,
That thus thy limbs are sheath'd in hostile arms?
Com'st thou a lover or a foe prepar'd?
Not for a foe the stately bridge I rear'd:
Not for a foe unlock'd th'impervious bow'rs,
And deck'd the shade with fountains, rills, and flow'rs.
Art thou a friend?—that envious helm remove;
Disclose thy face, return the looks of love:
Press lips to lips, to bosom bosom join,
Or reach at least thy friendly hand to mine.
Thus as she spake she roll'd her mournful eyes,
And bade soft blushes o'er her features rise:
Unwary pity here, with sudden charm,
Might melt the wisest, and the coldest warm:

While, well advis'd, the knight no longer stay'd,
But from the scabbard bar'd the shining blade;
Then, swift advancing, near the myrtle drew:
With eager haste to guard the plant she flew;
The much-lov'd bark with eager arms enclos'd,
And, with loud cries, the threat'ning stroke oppos'd.
  Ah, dare not thus with savage rage invade
My darling tree, the pride of all the shade!
O cruel!—lay thy dire design aside,
Or thro' Armida's heart the weapon guide!
To reach the trunk this bosom shall afford
(And this alone) a passage to thy sword!
  But, deaf to pray'rs, aloft the steel he rear'd;
When, lo! new forms, new prodigies appear'd!
Thus, oft in sleep we view, with wild affright,
Dire monstrous shapes, the visions of the night!
Her limbs enlarge; her features lose their grace;
The rose and lily vanish from her face:
Now, tow'ring high, a giant huge she stands,
An arm'd Briareus with a hundred hands.
With dreadful action fifty swords she wields,
And shakes aloft as many clashing shields;
Each nymph transform'd, a horrid Cyclop shew'd;
Unmov'd, the hero still his task pursu'd.
Against the tree redoubl'd strokes he bent;
Deep-groans, at ev'ry stroke, the myrtle sent:
Infernal glooms the face of day deform;
And winds, loud roaring, raise a hideous storm:
With thunders hoarse the distant fields resound,
And lightnings flash, and earthquakes rock the ground.

But not these horrors can his force restrain,
And not a blow his weapon aims in vain:
Now, sinking low, the nodding myrtle bends:
It falls—the phantoms fly—th'enchantment ends.
The winds are hush'd, the troubl'd æther clears,
The forest in its wonted state appears:
No more the dark retreat of magic made,
Tho' awful still, and black with native shade.
Again the victor try'd if aught withstood
The lifted steel to lop the spreading wood:
Then smiling thus, he said:—O phantoms vain!
Shall these illusions e'er the brave restrain?
  Now to the camp with hasty steps he press'd;
Meanwhile the hermit thus the troops address'd:—
Already freed I see th'enchanted ground!
Behold the chief returns with conquest crown'd!
He said: when from afar, confess'd to sight,
In dazzling arms appear'd the victor-knight.
High on his crest the silver eagle shone,
And blaz'd with brighter beams against the sun.
The troops salute him with triumphant cries;
From man to man the spreading clamors rise.
Then to his valour pious Godfrey pays
The willing tribute of unenvy'd praise:
When to the leader thus Rinaldo said:—
At thy command I sought yon dreadful shade;
The deep recesses of the grove I view'd,
The wonders saw, and ev'ry spell subdu'd:
Now may thy train the region safe explore;
No magic charms shall vex their labours more.

Thus he; and strait the band the forest sought,
Whence mighty timbers to the camp they brought.
O'er all their work an able chief presides;
William, Liguria's lord, the labour guides.
But late the empire of the seas he held,
Till forc'd before the Pagan fleets to yield,
With all their naval arms the sailor train
He brings t'encrease the forces on the plain.
To him superior knowledge Heav'n imparts:
A searching genius in mechanic arts!
A hundred workmen his commands obey,
Their tasks performing as he points the way.
Vast batt'ring rams against the city rise,
And missive engines of enormous size.
Of timbers huge he built a spacious tow'r;
A hundred wheels the mighty fabric bore:
With junctures strong he fix'd the solid sides,
And 'gainst the fire secur'd with moisten'd hides.
Suspended from below, with horned head,
The ram, resistless, on the bulwarks play'd:
While from the midst, a bridge was form'd to fall,
That join'd th'approaching engine to the wall:
And from the top was seen, at will to rise,
A lesser tow'r, high-pointing to the skies.
The gazing throngs admire in ev'ry part
The strange invention, and the workman's art.
Soon, like the first, two other piles they frame,
The same their figure, and their height the same.
Thus they. While from the walls the Pagan spies
Observ'd the Christian camp with heedful eyes,

They saw the pines and elms, in many a load,
Drawn to the army from the friendly wood:
They saw them rise in warlike structures high,
But scarce could thence their distant forms descry.
They too machines compose with equal care,
Their ramparts strengthen, and their walls repair.
Ismeno, 'midst the rest, his engines brought
From Sodom's lake, with fatal sulphur fraught
From Hell's black flood, whose waters foul and slow,
Nine times enfold the realms of endless woe!
Horrid with these, a fiery pest he stood,
Resolv'd t'avenge his violated wood.
While thus the city and the camp prepar'd
This to assault, and that the works to guard,
High o'er the tents, in all the army's view,
An airy dove with rapid pinions flew;
Now from the lofty clouds declining down,
With nearer flight approach'd the sacred town:
When, lo! a falcon chac'd her from above,
And threat'ning to the high pavilion drove.
Just as his claws the trembling bird opprest,
She shelter sought in pious Godfrey's breast.
The pitying chief the dove from fate repriev'd:—
Then round her neck a slender band perceiv'd:
Beneath her wing a tablet hung conceal'd,
Which, open'd, to his sight these words reveal'd:—
To thee th'Egyptian chief his zeal commends,
And health to great Judæa's sov'reign sends.
Fear not, O monarch! still thy tow'rs defend,
Till the fifth morn her welcome light extend:

Then shall our arms relieve your threaten'd wall;
Sion shall conquer, and the Christians fall.
Such was the secret in the tablet seal'd,
In barb'rous phrase and characters reveal'd.
These winged heralds thus the mandates bear
Of eastern nations thro' the fields of air.
The prince now set the captive dove at large,
But she (a guiltless trait'ress to her charge)
As conscious of th'event, no more return'd,
But distant from her lord in secret mourn'd.
The leader then conven'd the princely train,
The tidings strait disclos'd, and thus began:—
Behold, O friends! how Heav'n's high monarch shows
Th'important secrets of our wily foes.
No more delay—this present time demands
Our boldest hearts and most experienc'd hands.
Be ev'ry toil, be ev'ry peril, try'd
The way to conquer on the southern side.
There, well by nature fenc'd on ev'ry part,
The forts are less secur'd by works of art:
There, Raymond, let thy strength resistless fall;
There, with thy engines, shake the doubtful wall:
While I, upon a diff'rent side, prepare
Against the northern gate the storm of war.
So may the foes their forces thither bend,
And there, deceiv'd, our chief assault attend.
From thence convey'd, shall then my lofty tow'r
On other parts unlook'd-for vengeance pour.
Near me, Camillus, thou the toils shalt share,
And the third pile be trusted to thy care.

He ceas'd: when Raymond, pond'ring in his breast
The public welfare, Godfrey thus addrest:—
So well for all, O chief! thy cares provide,
Nor aught can be retrench'd, nor aught supply'd.
Yet let me wish some artful spy were sent
To Egypt's camp, to sound their deep intent;
Who to our host might all their motions tell,
And certain tidings of their force reveal.
Then Tancred spoke:—a faithful 'squire is mine,
Who seems well form'd to further your design;
He ev'ry wile, with ready wit, prepares;
He dares all perils, yet with caution dares.
Swift in the race, he lightly skims the field;
His pliant tongue in ev'ry speech is skill'd:
He shifts his mien, his action, and his tone,
And makes the modes of ev'ry clime his own.
The 'squire, now call'd, before th'assembly stands,
And cheerful hears the task his lord demands;
Then smiling thus:—To me consign the care:
This instant see me for th'attempt prepare.
Swift will I reach (an unexpected spy)
The distant land where Egypt's forces lie;
There pierce the swarming vale at noon of day,
And ev'ry man and ev'ry steed survey.
I promise soon (nor vain esteem my boast)
To bring the state and numbers of their host;
To penetrate their leader's secret thought,
And view each purpose in his bosom wrought.
Thus bold Vafrino spoke; nor more delay'd,
But strait in vesture long his limbs array'd:

He bar'd his neck, and round his forehead roll'd
A turban huge, in many a winding fold:
His back the Syrian bow and quiver bore,
And all his looks a foreign semblance wore.
The wond'ring crowds admir'd his ready tongue,
On which each nation's various accents hung;
That Egypt well might claim him for her own,
Or Tyre receive him as her rightful son.
Now from the camp he issu'd on a steed
That scarcely bent the grass beneath his speed.
  Ere yet they view'd the third succeeding day,
The Franks, industrious, gain'd the rugged way.
In vain the rolling hours to rest invite,
They join to day the labours of the night:
Till all is for the great assault prepar'd,
And nought remains that can their schemes retard.
  The Christian chief, on pious thoughts intent,
In humble pray'r the day preceding spent,
And bade the faithful host their sins confess,
And take, from sacred hands, the bread of peace.
He then began his vast machines to show
On divers parts, t'amuse the thoughtless foe.
The foe deceiv'd, with joyful looks, descry'd
His force directed on their strongest side.
  But soon as ev'ning stretch'd her welcome shade,
He thence with ease his warlike pile convey'd:
This tow'rds the ramparts weaker parts he brought,
Where, less expos'd, his hardy soldiers fought.
Experienc'd Raymond, with his lofty tow'r,
Against the southern hill his forces bore;

And, with the third, the brave Camillus press'd
Against the side declining to the west.
  When now the cheerful harbinger of day
Had ting'd the mountains with a golden ray,
The mighty tow'r the foes with terror view'd,
Far distant from the place where late it stood;
And all around, till then unseen, beheld
Enormous engines thick'ning o'er the field.
  With ev'ry art the wary Pagans form
Their best defence 'gainst the approaching storm.
No less intent, the prudent chief, who knew
That nearer now th'Egyptian army drew,
Each pass secures; and calling from the bands
Guelpho and either Robert, thus commands:—
  You watchful on your steeds, in arms remain,
While I attempt yon hostile wall to gain,
Where least defence appears: be yours the care
To guard our rear from unexpected war.
  He ceas'd: and, breathing courage man to man,
Three fierce assaults the Christian pow'rs began.
Then hoary Aladine, with cares decay'd,
In arms, long since disus'd, his limbs array'd;
Trembling with feeble feet and tott'ring frame,
The aged king, oppos'd to Raymond, came.
Stern Solyman for Godfrey stood preserv'd;
And fierce Argantes good Camillus dar'd.
Here Tancred, led by fate, approach'd the wall,
Where by his arms his daring foe might fall.
  The ready archers now their bows apply;
In deadly poison drench'd their arrows fly.

The face of Heav'n is all in darkness lost,
Such clouds of weapons issue from the host.
With greater force the mural engines pour
Their sudden vengeance in a mingled show'r.
Hence, sheath'd with iron, jav'lins huge are thrown;
Hence rocky fragments thunder on the town.
Not in the wound the jav'lins lose their force,
But furious, hold their unremitted course;
Resistless here their bloody entrance find,
And issuing there, leave cruel death behind!
Where'er the stones alight, with dreadful sway
Thro' men and arms they force their horrid way;
Sweep life before 'em, crush the human frame,
And hide at once the figure and the name.
Still unappall'd the Pagan troops remain,
And boldly still the bold assault sustain.
Already had they spread with heedful care
Their woolly fences 'gainst the threat'ning war;
And where expos'd the thickest ranks they 'spy,
With missile weapons send a fierce reply:
Yet, undismay'd, the brave assailants press,
Nor from the threefold charge, intrepid, cease.
Some under vast machines securely move,
While storms of arrows hiss in vain above;
Some wheel th'enormous engines near the foes:
The Syrians from the walls th'attempt oppose.
Each ready tow'r to launch its bridge essays;
Its iron head each ram incessant plays.
  Meanwhile in gen'rous doubt Rinaldo stands;
No vulgar deeds his glorious arm demands:

He rolls his ardent eyes; his thoughts aspire
To tempt the pass from which the rest retire.
Then to the warriors, late by Dudon led,
Th'intrepid hero turn'd, and thus he said:—
O shame to sight! while here our squadrons press,
Behold yon fortress still remains in peace.
No perils e'er can brave designs controul;
All deeds are open to the dauntless soul.
Haste, let us thither march, and 'gainst the foes
A sure defence, with lifted shields, oppose.
He spoke: The warriors with one soul obey'd,
And o'er their heads extend an ample shade.
The bucklers join'd, secur'd the moving train,
While from on high the ruins roll in vain.
Now to the walls they came; with eager haste
A scaling-ladder bold Rinaldo plac'd:
A hundred steps it bore, the hero's hand
Aloft, with ease, th'enormous weight sustain'd.
Spears, beams, and rafters, from the ramparts pour;
Dauntless he mounts amid the pond'rous show'r:
Nor toils nor death the daring youth could dread,
Tho' pendent rocks had nodded o'er his head.
His ample shield receiv'd a feather'd wood;
His back sustain'd a falling mountain's load:
This arm the bulwarks shook; and that before
His tow'ring front, the fencing buckler bore.
His great example ev'ry warrior fir'd;
Each gallant chief to scale the works aspir'd.
But various fates they prove: some headlong fall;
And some are slaughter'd ere they mount the wall;

While he, ascending still, securely goes;
His friends encourages, and threats his foes.
The thronging numbers, with collected might,
Attempt, in vain, to hurl him from his height:
Still in th'unequal combat firm he stands,
And bears alone th'united furious bands.
And now his sword the spacious rampart clears,
And frees the passage for his brave compeers.
To one the hero gave a wish'd relief
(Eustatius, brother to the pious chief):
With ready hand he stopp'd his fatal fall,
And friendly guarded while he gain'd the wall.
The Christian leader, on a diff'rent side,
With various perils various fortune try'd:
Nor men with men alone the combat sought;
There pile with pile, with engine engine fought.
Above the walls a trunk the Syrians raise
(A vessel's tow'ring mast in ancient days):
To this, athwart, a massy beam suspend;
Thick iron plates the solid head defend:
This with strong cables, back the Pagans drew,
Then swift recoiling, on the tow'r it flew.
The yielding timbers with the fury shook,
The joints gave way before the frequent stroke:
But soon the tow'r its needful arms supplies:
Two scythes prepar'd, are rais'd of mighty size,
That closing, with their sharpen'd edge divide
The twisted cords to which the beam is ty'd.
As loos'd by time, or by rude tempests torn,
A rock's huge fragment from a mountain borne,

Impetuous whirling down the craggy steeps,
Woods, cots, and herds, before its fury sweeps;
So drew the dreadful engine, in its fall,
Arms, men, and ruins, from the shatter'd wall.
The tow'r's vast summit nodded from on high;
The bulwarks tremble, and the hills reply.
  Victorious Godfrey now, advancing on,
Already deem'd the hostile ramparts won:
When from the foes, with roaring thunders, broke
Whirlwinds of flame, and deluges of smoke!
Not Ætna from her raging womb expires
Such pois'nous streams and suffocating fires;
Not such dire fumes the clime of India yields,
When noxious vapours taint her sultry fields.
Thick sulphur pours, and burning jav'lins fly;
Dark clouds arise, and intercept the sky.
The tow'r's strong planks the scorching mischief meet;
The moisten'd hides now shrivel in the heat:
Around ascends a black and sanguine flame,
And the last ruin threats the mighty frame.
  Before the rest the glorious leader stood,
With looks unchang'd, the growing danger view'd,
And on the pile commands his troops to pour
The cooling waters in a copious show'r.
Now deep distress the troubl'd host assails;
The fire increases, and the water fails:
When from the north a sudden wind arose,
And turn'd the raging flames against the foes:
The blazing fury on the Pagans falls,
Where num'rous works were rais'd to guard the walls.

The light materials catch, the sparks aspire,
And all their fences crackle in the fire!
O favour'd chief! th'Almighty's care approv'd;
By him defended, and by him belov'd!
Heav'n, in thy cause, auxiliar arms supplies,
And at thy trumpet's call, the winds obedient rise!
  But dire Ismeno, who the flames beheld,
By Boreas' breath, against himself repell'd,
Resolv'd once more to prove his impious skill,
And force the laws of nature to his will.
With two magicians, that his arts pursue,
The dreadful sorc'rer tow'rs in open view:
Black, squalid, foul! he rises o'er the bands:
So, 'twixt two furies, Dis or Charon stands.
And now the murm'ring of the words was heard
By Phlegethon, and deep Cocytus fear'd:
Already now the air disturb'd was seen,
The sun, with clouds, obscur'd his face serene:
When from an engine flew, with hideous shock,
A pond'rous stone, the fragment of a rock:
Thro' all the three its horrid passage tore,
Crash'd ev'ry bone, and drench'd their limbs in gore:
With groans the sinful spirits take their flight
From the pure air, and seats of upper light,
And seek th'infernal shades of endless pain.
O mortals! hence from impious deeds refrain.
  At length the tow'r, preserv'd from threaten'd flame
By friendly winds, more near the ramparts came:
Now, from the midst, the bridge was seen to fall,
And now was fix'd upon the lofty wall.

But thither Solyman intrepid flies,
And there to cut the bridge his falchion tries:
Nor had he try'd in vain, but sudden rear'd,
Another tow'r upon the first appear'd:
Above the loftiest spires, was seen on high
The wond'rous fabric rising to the sky.
Struck with the sight, th'astonish'd Pagans stood,
While far beneath the pile the town they view'd.
But still the fearless Turk his post maintain'd,
Tho' on his head a rocky tempest rain'd;
Nor yet despairs to part the bridge, and loud,
With threats and cries, incites the tim'rous crowd.
  To Godfrey then, unseen by vulgar eyes,
Appear'd th'Archangel Michael from the skies,
In glorious panoply, divinely bright,
More dazzling than the sun's unclouded light.
  Lo! Godfrey (he begun) the hour at hand
To free from bondage Sion's sacred land:
Decline not then to earth thy looks dismay'd:
Behold where Heav'n assists with heav'nly aid!
I now remove the film, and teach thy sight
To bear the presence of the sons of light.
The souls of those, now Heav'nly beings, view,
That champions once for CHRIST their weapons drew:
With thee they fight, with thee they come to share
The glorious triumph of the sacred war.
There, where thou seest the dust and smoke, on high,
In mingled waves, where heaps of ruin lie,
There, wrapt in darkness, Hugo holds his place,
And heaves the bulwark from its lowest base.

See Dudon arm'd against the northern tow'rs,
With fire and sword, celestial vengeance pours!
Yon sacred form that on the mount appears,
Who solemn robes with wreaths of priesthood wears,
Is Ademar; a saint, confess'd, he stands;
See, still he follows, blesses still the bands!
But higher raise thy looks: behold in air
Where all the pow'rs of Heav'n combin'd appear.
 The hero rais'd his eyes, and saw above
A countless army of celestials move.
Three squadrons rang'd the wond'rous force display'd,
Three fulgent circles ev'ry squadron made,
Orb within orb; by just degrees they rose,
And nine bright ranks the heav'nly host compose.
 His sense no more sustain'd the blaze of light,
And all the vision vanish'd from his sight.
Then round the plain his martial bands he 'spy'd,
And saw how conquest smil'd on ev'ry side.
With brave Rinaldo numbers scale the wall;
Before his arms, in heaps, the Syrians fall;
No longer Godfrey then his zeal restrain'd,
But snatch'd the standard from Alfiero's hand;
And, rushing o'er the bridge, the passage try'd:
The furious Turk all passage there deny'd:
A little space is now the glorious field,
Where valour's deeds a great example yield!
Here let me nobly fall! (the Pagan cries)
Be glory mine, let life the vulgar prize.
O burst the bridge, and me alone expose;
I shall not meanly sink beneath the foes.

But now he sees th'affrighted numbers fly,
And now beholds the dread Rinaldo nigh:
What should I do? (the wav'ring Soldan said)
If here I fall, in vain my blood is shed.
Then, other schemes revolving in his mind,
He slowly to the chief the pass resign'd,
Who threat'ning follow'd, with impetuous haste,
And on the wall the holy standard plac'd.
  The conqu'ring banner, to the breeze unroll'd,
Redundant streams in many a waving fold:
The winds, with awe, confess the heav'nly sign;
With purer beams the day appears to shine:
The swords seem bid to turn their points away,
And darts around it innocently play:
The sacred mount the purple cross adores,
And Sion owns it from her topmast tow'rs.
  Then all the squadrons rais'd a shouting cry,
The loud acclaim of joyful victory!
From man to man the clamour pours around:
The distant hills re-echo to the sound.
And now, incens'd, impatient of delay,
Against Argantes Tancred forc'd his way;
At once he launch'd his bridge, the passage made,
And strait his standard on the walls display'd.
But tow'rds the south, where aged Raymond fought,
And 'gainst the Pagan king his forces brought,
There deeper toil engag'd the Christian pow'r;
There rocky paths delay'd the cumb'rous tow'r.
At length th'assailants and defenders hear
The echoing shouts of conquest from afar.

To Aladine and Raymond soon 'tis known,
That tow'rds the plain are Sion's ramparts won:
Then thus the Earl aloud:—O hear, my friends,
Before the Christian arms the city bends!
And does she, when subdu'd, our courage dare?
Shall we alone no glorious triumph share?
But soon the Syrian king withdrew his force,
Nor longer strove t'oppose the victor's course;
Retreating thence, a lofty fort he gain'd,
From which he hop'd their fury to withstand.
Then all the conqu'ring bands, oppos'd no more,
Swarm o'er the walls, and thro' the portals pour.
The thirsty sword now rages far and wide,
Death stalks with grief and terror at his side:
Blood runs in rivers, or in pools o'erflows,
And dead and dying, heap'd, a horrid scene compose!

END OF THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

THE

NINETEENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

TANCRED and Argantes retire together from the walls, and engage in single combat: After an obstinate defence, the latter is slain; and Tancred himself, weakened by the loss of blood, falls into a swoon. In the mean time Rinaldo pursues the Infidels, and compels many of them to take refuge in Solomon's temple. Rinaldo at length bursting open the gate, the Christian troops enter, and make a terrible slaughter. Solyman and Aladine fortify themselves in David's tower. Solyman defends the pass with great intrepidity, but at last retires within the fort at the appearance of Godfrey and Rinaldo: Night puts an end to the operations on both sides. Vafrino enters the Egyptian camp, where he meets with Erminia. In their way to the Christian tents, they find Tancred in appearance dead: Erminia's Lamentation; she recovers Tancred from his swoon, and, at his desire, he is conveyed with the body of Argantes to the city. Vafrino gives an account to Godfrey of the discoveries he has made; upon which the General determines to hold his army in readiness to encounter the Egyptian forces.

THE

NINETEENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

Now wide-destroying death, or pale affright,
Remov'd the Pagans from their ramparts height:
Alone, still fix'd to triumph or to fall,
Argantes turns not from th'abandon'd wall.
Secure he stands, his front undaunted shows,
And singly combats 'midst an host of foes.
Far more than death he dreads a sully'd name;
And, if he dies, would close his days with fame.
Before the rest, intrepid Tancred flies,
And lifts his falchion, and the chief defies.
Well, by his mien and arms, confess'd to view,
His plighted foe the fierce Argantes knew.
Thus dost thou, Tancred, keep thy faith! (he cry'd)
Late art thou come our battle to decide:
We meet not here as heroes heroes dare;
Thou com'st a base artificer of war!

Those engines are thy guard, those troops thy shield;
Thou bring'st strange weapons to disgrace the field!
Yet hope not from this hand, in dreadful strife,
(Thou woman's murderer!) now t'escape with life!
He said; and Tancred, smiling with disdain,
In words indignant thus reply'd again:—
Late am I come?—Suppress thy senseless scorn;
Soon shalt thou find too speedy my return;
When thou shalt wish, to ease thy doubtful soul,
That 'twixt us Alps might rise, or oceans roll;
And know, by fatal proof too well display'd,
Nor fear detain'd my arms, nor sloth delay'd.
Come, glorious chief! thou terror of the plain,
By whom are heroes quell'd, and giants slain!
With me retire, and prove thy boasted might;
The woman's murd'rer dares thee to the fight!
Then to his troops:—Withhold your wrathful hands,
This warrior now my sword alone demands:
No common foe; by challenge him I claim;
By former promise mine, and mine by fame.
Descend (again the proud Circassian cry'd)
Or singly, or with aid, the cause decide:
The place frequented, or the desart try;
With ev'ry odds thy prowess I defy!
The stern convention made, at once they move
With mutual ire, the dreadful fight to prove.
Already Tancred hopes the glorious strife,
And burns with zeal to take the Pagan's life:
He claims him wholly, all his blood demands,
And envies e'en a drop to vulgar hands.

He spreads his shield, forbids the threat'ning blow,
And guards from darts and spears his mighty foe.
They leave the walls, impatient of delay,
And thro' a winding path pursue their way.
At length, amid surrounding hills, they view'd
A narrow valley black with shady wood,
That seem'd a sylvan theatre, design'd
For chace or combat with the savage-kind.
Here both the warriors stopp'd; when, pensive grown,
Argantes turn'd towards the suff'ring town.
Tancred, who saw his foe no buckler wield,
Strait cast his own at distance on the field;
Then thus began:—What means this sudden gloom?
Think'st thou, at last, thy destin'd hour is come?
If such foreboding thoughts a doubt create,
Too late thy prescience, and thy fears too late.
  Yon city fills my mind (the chief reply'd)
The queen of nations, and Judæa's pride,
That vanquish'd, now must fall, while I, in vain,
Attempt her sinking ruins to sustain.
How poor a vengeance can thy life afford,
Thy life, by Heav'n, devoted to my sword!
  He ceas'd; then wary each to combat drew:
For each his adverse champion's valour knew.
Tancred was light, his joints were firmly knit,
Swift were his hands, and ready were his feet.
Argantes tow'r'd superior by the head,
With larger limbs, with shoulders broader spread.
Now Tancred wheels, now bends t'elude the foe;
Now, with his sword, averts th'impending blow.

But high, erect, the bold Argantes stood,
And equal art with diff'rent action shew'd:
Now here, now there, impetuous from above,
Against the prince the brandish'd steel he drove.
That, on his art and courage most relies;
This, on his mighty strength and giant size.
Two vessels thus their naval strife maintain,
When no rude wind disturbs the wat'ry plain:
Their bulk tho' diff'rent, equal is the fight;
In swiftness one, and one excels in height.
But while the Christian seeks to reach the foe,
And shuns the sword that seems to threat the blow,
Full at his face the point Argantes shook;
Then swift, as Tancred turn'd to ward the stroke,
He pierc'd his flank, and, loud exulting, said:—
Behold the crafty now by craft betray'd!
With rage and shame indignant Tancred burn'd,
And all his thoughts to glorious vengeance turn'd!
Then with his falchion to the boast replies,
Where to his aim the vizor open lies.
Argantes breaks the blow: with shorten'd sword,
On him, intrepid, rush'd the Christian lord:
The Pagan's better hand he seiz'd, and dy'd
With many a ghastly wound his bleeding side.
Receive this answer (loud the hero cries):
The vanquish'd to his victor thus replies!
The fierce Circassian foams with rage and pain,
But strives to free his captive arm in vain:
At length, dependant from the chain, he leaves
The trusty falchion, and his hand reprieves.

Each other now in rude embrace they prest,
Arms lock'd in arms, and breast oppos'd to breast.
Not with more vigour on the sandy field
Great Hercules the mighty giant held.
Such is their conflict, so the warriors strain,
Till both together, sidelong, press the plain.
Argantes, as he fell, by chance or skill,
Bore high his better arm releas'd at will:
But Tancred's hand that should the weapon wield,
Was held beneath him, pris'ner, on the field.
Full well the Frank th'unequal peril view'd,
And, soon recov'ring, on his feet he stood.
  More slow the Saracen the ground forsook,
And, ere he rose, receiv'd a sudden stroke.
But as the pine, whose leafy summit bends
To Eurus' blast, at once again ascends,
So from his fall arose the Pagan knight,
With equal wrath and unabated might.
Again, with flashing swords, the war they wag'd:
Now less of art, and more of horror rag'd.
From Tancred's wounds appear'd the trickling blood;
But from Argantes pour'd a crimson flood.
Tancred full soon his feeble arm beheld,
Slow and more slow the weighty falchion wield:
All hatred then his gen'rous breast forsook,
And, back retreating, mildly thus he spoke:—
Yield, dauntless chief! enough thy worth is shown;
Or me, or fortune, for thy victors own:
I ask no spoils, no triumph from the fight,
Nor to myself reserve a conqu'ror's right.

At this, with rage renew'd, the Pagan burn'd:
Use what thy fortune gives—(he fierce return'd)
And dar'st thou then from me the conquest claim?
Shall base concessions stain Argantes' fame?
Alike thy mercy and thy threats I prize;
This arm shall yet thy senseless pride chastise.
As near extinct the torch new light acquires,
Revives its flame, and in a blaze expires,
So he, when scarce the blood maintain'd its course,
With kindled ire recruits his dying force;
Resolv'd his last of days with fame to spend,
And crown his actions with a glorious end.
Grasp'd in each hand, his vengeful steel he took:
In vain the Christian's sword oppos'd the stroke:
Full on his shoulder fell the deadly blade,
Nor, deaden'd there, its eager fury stay'd,
But, glancing downward, deeply pierc'd his side,
And stain'd his armour with a purple tide.
Yet Tancred's looks nor doubt nor fear confest;
For nature's self had steel'd his dauntless breast.
A second stroke the haughty Pagan try'd;
The wary Christian now his purpose 'spy'd,
And slipt, elusive, from the steel aside.
Then, spent in empty air thy strength in vain,
Thou fall'st, Argantes, headlong on the plain!
Thou fall'st! yet (unsubdu'd alike in all)
None but thyself can boast Argantes' fall!
Fresh stream'd the blood from ev'ry gaping wound,
And the red torrent delug'd all the ground:

Yet on his arm and knee the furious knight
His bulk supported, and provok'd the fight.
Again his hand the courteous victor stay'd:
Submit, O chief! preserve thy life (he said):
But, while he paus'd, the fierce insidious foe
Full at his heel directs a treach'rous blow,
And threats aloud: Then flash from Tancred's eyes
The sparks of wrath, while thus the hero cries:—
And dost thou, wretch! such base return afford
For life so long preserv'd from Tancred's sword!
  He said; and as he spoke, no more delay'd,
But thro' his vizor plung'd th'avenging blade.
Thus fell Argantes. As he liv'd he dy'd;
Untam'd his soul, unconquer'd was his pride:
Nor droop'd his spirit at th'approach of death,
But threats and rage employ'd his latest breath.
  Then Tancred in the sheath his sword bestow'd,
And paid to GOD the thanks his conquest ow'd:
But dear his triumph has the victor cost;
His senses fail, his wonted strength is lost.
Again he strives to pass the valley o'er,
And tread the steps his feet had trod before.
Not far his tott'ring knees their load sustain,
His utmost strength he tries, but tries in vain.
Now, laid on earth, his arm supports his head
(His arm that trembles like a feeble reed);
Each object swims before his giddy sight;
The cheerful day seems chang'd to dusky night;
He faints;—he swoons! and scarce to mortal eyes
The victor diff'ring from the vanquish'd lies.

While these, enflam'd with private hate, engag'd,
The wrathful Christians thro' the city rag'd.
What tongue can tell the woes that then were known,
And speak the horrors of a conquer'd town!
Each part is fill'd with death, with blood defil'd;
The ghastly slain appear in mountains pil'd!
There on th'unbury'd corse the wounded spread;
The living here interr'd beneath the dead.
With flowing hair pale mothers fly distrest,
And clasp their harmless infants to the breast:
The spoiler here, impell'd by thirst of prey,
Bears on his laden back the spoils away:
The soldier there, by lust ungovern'd sway'd,
Drags by her graceful locks th'affrighted maid.
But tow'rds the mountain, where the temple stood,
The bold Rinaldo drove the trembling crowd:
Nor helm nor buckler could his force withstand;
Th'unarm'd alone escap'd his vengeful hand.
He sought the brave, but scorn'd, with great disdain,
To wreak his fury on a helpless train.
Then might you wond'rous deeds of valour view,
How these he threat'ning chac'd, and those he slew;
How with unequal risk, but equal fear,
The arm'd and naked fugitives appear.
Already, mingled with th'ignobler band,
A troop of warriors had the temple gain'd,
That oft o'erthrown, and oft consum'd by flame,
Still bears its ancient founder's glorious name.
Great Solomon the stately fabric rear'd,
Where marble, gold, and cedar once appear'd.

Less costly now; but 'gainst the hostile pow'rs,
Secur'd with iron-gates and guarded tow'rs.
  Rinaldo rais'd his threat'ning looks on high,
And view'd the fortress with an angry eye:
Now here, now there, he seeks some pass to meet,
And twice surrounds it with his rapid feet.
So when a wolf, beneath the friendly shades,
With hopes of prey the peaceful fold invades,
He traverses the ground with fruitless pain,
Licks his dry chops, and thirsts for blood in vain.
The chief now paus'd before the lofty gate,
The Pagans, from above, th'encounter wait.
While thus the hero stood, by chance, he 'spies
A beam beside him of enormous size
(Whate'er the use design'd) so high, so vast,
The largest ship might claim it for a mast:
This in his nervous arms aloft he shook,
And with repeated blows the portal struck:
Not the strong ram with greater fury falls,
Nor bombs more fiercely shake the tott'ring walls.
Nor steel, nor marble could the force oppose;
The fence gives way before the driving blows:
The bars are burst, the sounding hinges torn,
And hurl'd to earth the batter'd gates are borne.
Swift thro' the pass, the victor to sustain,
Fierce as a torrent rush th'exulting train.
  Then, dire to see! the dome devote to God,
With carnage swell'd, and pour'd a purple flood.
O! sacred justice of th'Almighty, shed,
Tho' late, yet certain on the guilty head!

Thy awful providence now stands confest,
And kindles wrath in ev'ry pious breast.
The Pagan with his blood must cleanse from stain
Those sacred shrines which once he durst profane.
But Solyman, meanwhile, to David's tow'r
Retreated with the remnant of his pow'r:
His troops with sudden works the fort enclose,
And stop each entrance from th'invading foes.
And Aladine, the tyrant, thither flies;
To whom aloud th'intrepid Soldan cries:—
Come, mighty monarch! haste, the fortress gain,
Whose strength shall yet preserve thy threaten'd reign!
Here may'st thou still defend thy life, secur'd
From the dire fury of the wasting sword.
Ah me! relentless fate (the king reply'd)
O'erturns the city, levels all her pride!—
My days are run—my empire now is o'er—
I liv'd—I reign'd—but live and reign no more!
'Tis past!—we once have been! behold our doom—
The last, th'irrevocable hour is come!
To whom with gen'rous warmth the Soldan said:—
Where, prince, is all thy ancient virtue fled?
Tho' of his realms by fortune dispossest,
A monarch's throne is seated in his breast.
But come, and here secur'd from hostile rage,
Refresh thy limbs, decay'd with toils and age.
Thus counsell'd he; and strait with careful haste,
The hoary king within the bulwarks plac'd.
Himself to guard the dang'rous pass appear'd:
With both his hands an iron mace he rear'd:

He girt his trusty falchion to his side,
And all the forces of the Franks defy'd.
On ev'ry part his thund'ring weapon flew,
And these he overturn'd, and those he slew.
All fled the guarded fort, with wild affright,
Where'er they saw his mace's fury light.
Now, led by fortune, with his dauntless train,
The fearless Raymond rush'd the pass to gain.
Against the Turk in vain he aim'd the blow;
But not in vain return'd his haughty foe:
Full in his front the rev'rend chief he found,
And stretch'd him pale and trembling on the ground.
  Again the vanquish'd breathe, the victors fly,
Or in the well-defended entrance die.
The Soldan then, who, midst the vulgar dead,
Beheld on earth the Christian leader spread,
Incites his followers, with repeated cries,
To drag within the works their prostrate prize.
  All spring to take him (a determin'd band)
But toils and dangers their attempt withstand.
What Christian can his Raymond's care forego?
At once they fly to guard him from the foe.
There rage, here piety maintains the fight;
No common cause demands each warrior's might:
For Raymond's life or freedom they contend;
And those would seize the chief, and these defend.
Yet had the Soldan's force at length prevail'd,
For shields and helms before his weapon fail'd:
But sudden, to relieve the faithful band,
A pow'rful aid appear'd on either hand;

At once the chief of chiefs, resistless, came ;
And he *, the foremost of the martial name.
As when loud winds arise, and thunders roll,
And glancing lightnings gleam from pole to pole,
The shepherd-swain, who sees the dark'ning air,
Withdraws from open fields his fleecy care ;
And, thence retreating, to some covert flies,
To shun the fury of th'inclement skies ;
And with his voice and crook his flock constrains ;
Himself, behind them, last forsakes the plains.
So the fierce Pagan who the storm beheld,
That like a whirlwind swept the dusty field,
Who heard the shouts of legions rend the air,
And saw the flash of armour from afar,
Compell'd his troops within the shelt'ring tow'r ;
Himself, reluctant, from superior pow'r
Retires the last, with unabated heat,
In caution brave, intrepid in defeat.
Scarce were they enter'd, when, with headlong haste,
Rinaldo o'er the broken fences pass'd ;
Desire to vanquish one so fam'd in fight,
His plighted vows the hero's soul excite :
For still he keeps his solemn oath in view,
To take the warrior's life who Sweno slew.
Then had his matchless arm the walls assail'd,
Then had their strength to shield the Soldan fail'd :
But here the gen'ral bade surcease the fight,
For all th'horizon round was lost in night.

* RINALDO.

There Godfrey strait encamp'd his martial train,
Resolv'd at morn the hostile fort to gain.
Then cheerful thus his list'ning host he warms:
Th'Almighty favours now the Christian arms!
At early dawn yon fortress shall be ours;
The last weak refuge of the faithless pow'rs!
Meantime your thoughts to pious duties bend,
The sick to comfort, and the wounded tend.
Go, pay the rights those gallant friends demand,
Who purchas'd with their blood this fated land;
This temper better suits the Christian name
Than souls with av'rice or revenge on flame.
Too much, alas! has slaughter stain'd the day;
Too much has lust of plunder borne the sway.
Then cease from spoil, each cruel deed forbear,
And let the trumpet's sound our will declare.
He said; and went where, scarce repriev'd from death,
Still Raymond groan'd with new-recover'd breath.
Nor Solyman less bold, his friends address'd,
While in his thought the chief his doubts suppress'd.
O warriors, scorn the change of fortune's pow'r;
Still cheerful hope maintains her blooming flow'r;
Safe is your king, and safe his chosen train;
These walls the noblest of the realm contain.
Then let the Franks their empty conquest boast;
Swift fate impends o'er all th'exulting host:
While rage and plunder ev'ry soul employ,
And lust and murder are their savage joy:
Amidst the mingled tumult shall they fall,
And one destructive hour o'erwhelm 'em all,

If Egypt's bands, now hast'ning to our aid,
With num'rous force their scatter'd pow'rs invade.
From hence our missile weapons can we pour,
To whelm the city with a rocky show'r;
And with our engines, from afar, defend
The paths that to the sepulchre ascend.
While deeds like these were wrought, Vafrino goes
(A trusty spy) amidst an host of foes:
The camp he left, his lonely way he took,
What time the sun the western sky forsook:
By Ascalon he pass'd, ere yet the day
Shed from his orient throne the golden ray:
And when his car had reach'd the midmost height,
The hostile camp appear'd in open sight.
There, pitch'd around, unnumber'd tents he sees,
Unnumber'd streamers waving to the breeze.
Discordant tongues assail his wond'ring ears;
Timbrels, and horns, and barb'rous notes he hears.
The elephant and camel mix their cries;
The gen'rous steed, with shriller sound, replies.
Surpriz'd he sees such num'rous forces join'd,
Where Asia's realms and Afric's seem combin'd.
Now here, now there, his watchful looks he throws,
And marks what diff'rent works the camp enclose:
Nor seeks in unfrequented parts to lie;
Nor shuns th'observance of the public eye;
But boldly to each high pavilion goes,
And, fearless, communes with th'unconscious foes.
Wise were his questions, well his answers made,
And deepest prudence all his actions sway'd.

The warriors, steeds, and arms attract his view;
Full soon each leader's rank and name he knew.
At length, as wand'ring thro' the vale he went,
Chance led his footsteps to the gen'ral's tent:
There while immers'd in deepest thought he stay'd,
His searching eyes a friendly gap survey'd;
From this each voice within distinct was heard;
Thro' this, reveal'd, th'interior parts appear'd.
There watch'd Vafrino, while he seem'd employ'd
To mend the torn pavilion's op'ning side.
Bare-headed there he saw the chief confest,
With limbs in armour sheath'd, and purple vest:
Two pages bore his helmet and his shield;
His better hand a pointed jav'lin held;
He view'd a warrior, who beside him stood,
Of limbs gigantic, and of semblance proud.
Vafrino stay'd, intent their words to hear,
And sudden, Godfrey's name assail'd his ear.
Think'st thou (the leader thus the knight bespoke)
That Godfrey sure shall fall beneath thy stroke?
Then he:—He surely falls! and here I swear
Ne'er to return but victor from the war.
This hand my fellow's sword shall render vain;
And let my deed this sole reward obtain;
A glorious trophy of his arms to raise
In Cairo's town, and thus inscribe my praise:—
"These from the Christian chief, whose force o'er-run
"All Asia's lands, in battle Ormond won;
"And fix'd them here, that future times may tell
"How, by his prowess vanish'd, Godfrey fell."

Think not our grateful king (the leader cries)
Will view th'important act with thankless eyes:
Full gladly will he yield to thy demand,
And crown thy service with a bounteous hand.
But now, with speed, the vests and arms prepare;
Th'approaching day of combat claims thy care.
All, all is now prepar'd, the knight reply'd:
And here the converse ceas'd on either side.
Thus they. A stranger to the hidden sense,
The words Vafrino heard in deep suspense;
Oft-times debating in his anxious mind,
What arms were purpos'd, and what wiles design'd.
He parted thence, and sleepless pass'd the night,
And watch'd impatient for the dawning light;
But when the camp, as early morning shin'd,
Unfurl'd the waving banners to the wind,
Mix'd with the rest he went, with these he stay'd;
And round from tent to tent uncertain stray'd.
One day he came to where, in regal state,
Amidst her knights and dames, Armida sate.
Pensive she seem'd, with various cares opprest,
A thousand thoughts revolving in her breast:
On her fair hand her lovely cheek she plac'd,
And prone to earth her starry eyes she cast,
All moist with tears. Full opposite he saw
Adrastus motionless with silent awe:
Fix'd on her charms, he gaz'd with fond desire,
And with the prospect fed his am'rous fire.
But Tisaphernes both by turns beheld,
While diff'rent passions in his bosom swell'd:

His changing looks a quick succession prove,
Now fir'd with hatred, now enflam'd with love.
From thence Vafrino cast his sight aside,
And, 'midst the damsels, Altamorus 'spy'd;
Who curb'd the licence of his roving eyes,
Or snatch'd his wary glances by surprize.
Her hand, her face with secret rapture view'd,
And oft, by stealth, a sweeter search pursu'd,
T'explore the passage where th'uncautious vest
Reveal'd the beauties of her iv'ry breast.
  At length her downcast looks Armida rears,
While through her grief a transient smile appears.
O brave Adrastus! in thy glorious boast,
I feel (she cries) my former anguish lost:
And soon I trust a sweet revenge to find;
For sweet is vengeance to an injur'd mind.
  To whom the Indian:—Bid thy sorrows cease,
O royal fair! compose thy soul to peace.
Doubt not to view (ere many days are fled)
Cast at thy feet Rinaldo's impious head;
Else shall he come, if so thy will ordains,
To servile dungeons, and eternal chains.
  To Tisaphernes, smiling, then she said:—
And wilt not thou, O chief, Armida aid?
  It suits not me (he taunting thus reply'd)
With such a knight to combat side by side.
But I, more slow, in fields of battle new,
Must far behind thy champion's steps pursue.
  Sternly he said; the word the monarch took,
And straight, incens'd with pride, ungovern'd spoke:—

'Tis thine, indeed, a distant war to wage,
Nor dare, like me, in nearer fight engage.
Then Tisaphernes shook his haughty head:
O were I master of this arm! (he said)
Could I, at will, this faithful falchion wield,
We soon should see who best could brave the field.
Fierce as thou art, thy threats with scorn I hear!
Not thee, but Heav'n and tyrant love I fear.
He ceas'd: Adrastus, stern, his force defy'd;
But here Armida interpos'd, and cry'd:—
O warriors! wherefore now, your promise vain,
Will you so soon resume your gift again?
My champions are ye both—let this suffice
To bind your jarring souls in friendly ties.
At my command this rash contention cease;
He meets my anger first who wounds the peace.
Thus she. At once the rage their breasts forsook,
And hearts discordant bow'd beneath her yoke.
Vafrino present, all their converse knew,
Then, pensive, from the lofty tent withdrew:
He saw, tho' deeply yet in clouds enshrin'd,
Some treason 'gainst the Christian chief design'd.
He question'd oft, resolv'd each means to try,
To bear the secret thence, or bravely die.
In vain his search—till chance at length display'd
The treach'rous snares for pious Godfrey laid.
Again he sought the tent, and view'd again
The princess seated 'midst her warrior train:
Then near a damsel with familiar air
He drew, and sportive thus address'd the fair:—

I too would gladly draw th'avenging blade,
Th'elected champion of some lovely maid:
Perhaps this arm Rinaldo's self may feel,
Or Godfrey breathless sink beneath my steel.
Ask from this hand (to me that service owe)
The head devoted of some barb'rous foe.
So spoke the 'squire; and, smiling as he spoke,
A virgin view'd him with attentive look.
Sudden her eyes his well-known face confess'd,
Beside him soon she stood, and thus address'd:—
From all the train I here thy sword demand,
Nor ask ignoble service at thy hand:
I chose thee for my champion; hence retire,
I now thy converse, as my knight, require.
She said; and drew him from the throng aside.
I know thee well, Vafrino! (then she cry'd)
Know'st thou not me? — Confus'd the Christian stood,
Till with a smile he thus his speech renew'd:—
Ne'er have I seen thy charms, exalted fair,
Nor is the name thou speak'st the name I bear:
Born on Biserta's shore, my birth I claim
From Lesbin'; and Almanzor is my name.
Long have I known thy state (the maid reply'd)
Then seek not thus, in vain, thyself to hide:
Dismiss thy fear; thou see'st a faithful friend
For thee prepar'd her dearest life to spend.
Behold Erminia! born of royal kind,
And once, with thee, in Tancred's service join'd:
Two happy moons, a blissful captive there,
I liv'd in peace beneath thy gentle care.

Then on her face he bent his earnest view,
And soon the features of Erminia knew.
Rest on my faith secure (the damsel cries)
I here attest the sun and conscious skies!
Ah! let me now thy pitying aid implore;
Erminia to her former bonds restore!
In irksome freedom since my hours were led,
Care fills my days, and slumber flies my bed.
Com'st thou the secrets of the host to 'spy?
In happy time—on me thou may'st rely:
I shall at full their purpos'd frauds explain;
Which thou, perchance, had'st long explor'd in vain.
Thus she; while doubtful still Vafrino mus'd
In silent gaze, with various thoughts confus'd.
He call'd Armida's former arts to mind:
Woman's a changeful and loquacious kind:
A thousand schemes their fickle hearts divide:
Insensate those that in the sex confide!
At length he spoke:—If hence you seek to fly,
Haste, let us go; your trusty guide am I.
Be this resolv'd—but let us yet beware,
And further speech, till fitter time, forbear.
Thus having said, they fix'd without delay,
Before the troops decamp'd, to take their way.
Vafrino parted thence; the cautious maid
A while in converse with the damsels stay'd;
Amus'd them with her champion lately gain'd,
And with a plausive tale each ear detain'd:
Till at th'appointed time the 'squire she join'd;
Then mounts her steed, and leaves the camp behind

The Pagan tents were vanish'd from the view;
And near an unfrequented place they drew;
When bold Vafrino spoke:—Now, courteous fair,
The treason, fram'd for Godfrey's life, declare.
 Eight knights (she cry'd) the dire adventure claim,
But Ormond, fierce, excels the rest in fame.
These, urg'd by hatred, or enflam'd with ire,
In murd'rous league against your chief conspire:
Then hear their arts:—what time on Syria's plain
Th'embattled hosts contend for Asia's reign;
These on their arms the purple Cross shall bear,
Disguis'd as Franks in white and gold appear,
Like Godfrey's guard, amid the mingl'd war.
But on his helm shall each a signal show,
Which, in the thick'ning fight, their friends may know.
These shall the Christian leader's life pursue,
And deadly venom shall their steel imbrue.
To me 'twas giv'n each false device to frame;
Compell'd to act what now I loath to name!
Hence from the camp I fly with just disdain,
From the dire mandates of an impious train:
I scorn my thoughts with treason to defile,
T'assist the traitor, and partake the guile.
For this—yet not for this alone I fled.—
She ceas'd; and, ceasing, blush'd with rosy red:
Declin'd to earth she held her modest look,
And half again recall'd what last she spoke.
 But what her virgin scruples strove to hide,
He sought to learn, and gently thus reply'd:—

Why wilt thou strive thy sorrows to conceal,
Nor to my faithful ear thy cares reveal?
She breath'd a sigh that instant from her breast,
Then, with a falt'ring voice, the 'squire addrest:—
Farewell ill-tim'd reserve! no more I claim
The modesty that fits a virgin's name.
Such thoughts should long ere this my heart have sway'd,
But ah! they suit no more a wand'ring maid.
That fatal night, my country's overthrow,
When Antioch bow'd before the Christian foe;
From that, alas! my following woes I date,
The early source of my disast'rous fate!
Light was a kingdom's loss, an empire's boast,
For with my regal state myself I lost!
Thou know'st, Vafrino, how I trembling ran,
'Midst heaps of plunder and my subjects slain,
To seek thy lord and mine, when, first in view,
All sheath'd in arms he near my palace drew.
Low at his feet I breath'd this humble pray'r,—
Unconquer'd chief! a helpless virgin hear!
Not for my life I now thy mercy claim;
But save my honour, guard my spotless fame!—
Ere yet I ceas'd, my hand the hero took,
And rais'd me from the earth, and courteous spoke:
O lovely maid! in vain thou shalt not sue;
In me thy friend, thy kind preserver view.
He said; a sudden pleasure fill'd my breast,
A sweet sensation ev'ry thought possest,
That, deeply spreading thro' my soul, became
A wound incurable, a quenchless flame!

He saw me oft; he gently shar'd my grief;
With words of comfort gave my woes relief.
To thee (he cry'd) thy feeedom I resign;
Nor aught of all thy treasures shall be mine.
O cruel gift! O bounty vainly shown,
For giving me myself, myself he won!
And while he thus restor'd th'ignobler part,
Usurp'd the sov'reign empire o'er my heart.
Alas! in vain I sought to hide my shame—
How oft with thee I dwelt on Tancred's name!
Thou saw'st the tokens of a mind distrest,
And said'st, Erminia, love disturbs thy breast!
Still I deny'd, but still deny'd in vain:
My looks, my sighs reveal'd my secret pain.
At length, resolv'd my wishes to pursue,
Love all respect of fear and shame o'erthrew.
To seek my lord I went, in luckless hour
(He gave the wound, and he alone could cure);
But lo! new dangers in my way I met,
A band of barb'rous foes my steps beset:
From these I scarce with life and freedom fled:
Thence to the distant woods my course I sped;
There chose with shepherd-swains retir'd to dwell,
A humble tenant of the lonely cell.
But when my flame, a while by fear supprest,
Once more, returning, kindled in my breast,
Again I sought the paths I sought before;
Again was cross'd by fickle fortune's pow'r;
A troop of spoilers in my way I found
(Egyptian forces, and to Gaza bound):

Me to their chief they led: with gentle ear
Their chief vouchsaf'd my mournful tale to hear:
So was my virtue safe preserv'd from stain,
Till plac'd in safety with Armida's train.
Behold me thus (so changing fate decreed)
Now made a captive, now from bondage freed:
Yet thus enslav'd, and thus releas'd again,
I still am held in fond affection's chain.
O thou! for whom such soft distress I prove,
Repulse not with disdain my proffer'd love;
But to a maid a kind reception give,
And to her bonds a wretch forlorn receive.
  Thus spoke Erminia. All the night and day
They journey'd on, and commun'd on their way.
Vafrino shun'd the beaten track, and held
His course thro' shorter paths, and ways conceal'd.
Now near the town they came at ev'ning light,
What time the shade foretold th'approach of night:
When here they saw the ground distain'd with blood
And, stretch'd on earth, a slaughter'd warrior view'd.
His face was upward turn'd, with dauntless air;
His aspect menac'd, e'en in death severe.
In him, as near the 'squire attentive drew,
Some Pagan warrior by his arms he knew.
Not far from thence another prone was seen;
His garb was diff'rent, diff'rent was his mien.
Behold some Christian there (Vafrino said)
Then marked his well-known vest with looks dismay'd:
He quits his steed, the features views and cries—
Ah me! here slain unhappy Tancred lies!

Meanwhile th'ill-fated maid behind him stood,
And with attentive gaze the Pagan view'd;
But soon her ear the cruel sounds confest,
As if a shaft had pierc'd her tender breast.
At Tancred's name she starts in wild despair,
No bounds can now restrain th'unhappy fair:
She sees his face with paleness all o'erspread,
She leaps, she flies impetuous from her steed;
Low-bending o'er him, forth her sorrow breaks;
And thus, with interrupted words, she speaks:—
Was I, for this, by fortune here convey'd?
O dreadful object, to a love-sick maid!
Long have I sought thee with unweary'd pain;
Again I see thee:—yet I see in vain!
Tancred no more Erminia present views;
And, finding Tancred, I my Tancred lose!
Ah me!—and did I think thou e'er should'st prove
A sight ungrateful to Erminia's love?
Nor could I wish to quench the beams of light,
And hide each object in eternal night!
Alas! where now are all thy graces fled!
Where are those eyes that once such lustre shed?
Where are those cheeks, replete with crimson glow?
Where all the beauties of thy manly brow?
But senseless thus, and pale, thou still can'st please!
If yet thy gentle soul my sorrow sees,
Yet views, not wholly fled, my fond desires,
Permit th'embolden'd theft which love inspires:
Give me (since fate denies a further bliss)
From thy cold lips to snatch a parting kiss:

Those lips from whence such soothing words could flow
To ease a virgin's, and a captive's woe!
Let me, at least, this mournful office pay,
And rend in part from death his spoils away.
Receive my spirit ready wing'd for flight,
And guide from hence to realms of endless light.
She said; her bosom swell'd with lab'ring sighs,
And briny torrents trickl'd from her eyes.
At this the knight, who seem'd of sense depriv'd,
Wash'd with her tears, by slow degrees reviv'd;
A sigh he mingl'd with the virgin's sighs;
He sigh'd, but rais'd not yet his languid eyes.
His breath returning, soon the dame perceiv'd;
A dawn of hope her fainting soul reliev'd.
See, Tancred! see! (exclaim'd the tender maid)
The mournful rites by dear affection paid.
Behold, I come thy fortune to divide—
Thus will I sink, thus perish by thy side!
Yet, yet a while thy fleeting life retain—
O hear my last request, nor hear in vain!
Then Tancred strove to view the cheerful light,
But soon again withdrew his swimming sight.
Again Erminia vents her tears and sighs,
Again she mourns. Forbear! (Vafrino cries)
Still, still he breathes: be then our care essay'd
To heal the living ere we weep the dead.
He strait disarms the chief, she trembling stands,
And to the office lends her friendly hands;
Then views the hero's wounds with skilful eyes,
And feels new hopes within her bosom rise:

But 'midst those desarts nought the fair can find,
Nought but her slender veil his wounds to bind:
Yet love, inventive, ev'ry scheme ran o'er;
Love taught her various arts untry'd before.
Her locks she cut; with these she gently dry'd
The clotted blood; the bandage these supply'd.
Tho' there nor dittany nor crocus grew,
Yet diff'rent herbs of lenient pow'r she knew.
Already now, his mortal sleep dispell'd,
The languid prince again his eyes unseal'd:
He view'd his 'squire, he saw th'attending maid
In foreign vesture clad, and faintly said,
From whence, Vafrino? dost thou hither stray?
And who art thou? my kind preserver! say.
She doubtful still, 'twixt joy and sorrow, sighs;
Then blushes rosy red, and thus replies:—
All shalt thou know; but now from converse cease:
Hear my commands, and calm thy thoughts to peace.
I, your physician, will your health restore;
Be grateful for my care — I ask no more.
 Then in her lap his head she gently laid:
In anxious doubt a while Vafrino stay'd,
How to the camp his wounded lord to bear,
Ere dewy night advanc'd to chill the air:
When, sudden, near a band of warriors drew,
And soon his eyes the troops of Tancred knew;
Who hither came, by happy fortune brought,
As fill'd with fear their absent chief they sought.
These rais'd th'enfeebl'd hero from the field,
And gently in their faithful arms upheld.

Then Tancred thus:—Shall brave Argantes, slain,
Be left, a prey to vultures, on the plain?
Ah, no!—forbid it, Heav'n! nor let him lose
A soldier's honours, or sepulchral dues.
I wage no battle with the silent dead;
In fight the glorious debt he boldly paid:
Then on his worth the rightful praise bestow;
'Tis all the living to the lifeless owe.
So he. Obsequious to their lord's command,
His breathless foe they rear'd from off the land.
Behind they bore him, while, with guardian care,
Vafrino rode beside the royal fair.
Then spoke the prince, as thus they journey'd on:—
Seek not my tents, but seek th'imperial town:
What chance soe'er this mortal frame shall meet,
There let me find it, in that holy seat:
From thence, where CHRIST a prey to death was giv'n,
My soul may wing her readier flight to Heav'n:
So shall I then my pilgrimage have made,
And the last vows of my devotion paid.
He said: to Sion's walls the train address'd
Their ready course: There soon the warrior press'd
The welcome couch, and sunk to gentle rest.
And now Vafrino for the virgin-fair
A secret place provides with silent care:
That done, to Godfrey's sight with speed he goes;
And enters boldly (none his steps oppose)
Where sat the leader, bending o'er the bed
On which the wounded Raymond's limbs were spread.

And round their prince (a great assembly) stand
The best, the wisest of the Christian band.
All gaz'd in silence, with attentive look,
While thus Vafrino to the gen'ral spoke:—
O sacred chief! thy high commands obey'd,
I sought the faithless crew, their camp survey'd;
But here my skill, to tell their number, fails;
I saw them hide the mountains, fields, and vales:
Their thirst the copious streams and fountains dries;
And Syria's harvest scarce their food supplies.
But many a troop of horse and foot, in vain,
Unskill'd in battle, load th'encumber'd plain:
Nor order these obey, nor signals hear,
Nor draw the sword, but wage a distant war:
Yet some are forces prov'd, not new to fame,
Who once beneath the Persian standards came:
But chief o'er all those mighty warriors stand,
Th'Immortal Squadron call'd, the Monarch's chosen band.
The ranks, unthinn'd, no slaughter can deface;
Still, as one falls, another fills his place.
Brave Emirenes leads the num'rous host;
And few can equal skill or courage boast.
And him, in ev'ry art of battle skill'd,
The Caliph trusts to draw thee to the field.
Ere twice returning morn the day renew,
Expect to find th'Egyptian camp in view.
But thou, Rinaldo! must thy life defend;
For which, ere long, such warriors shall contend:
For this the noblest champions wield their arms;
With rival hate each breast Armida warms:

For with her beauty shall his deed be paid,
Who from the battle brings thy forfeit head.
'Midst these, the noble chief from Persia's lands,
Samarcand's monarch, Altamorus stands.
Adrastus there is seen, of giant size,
Whose kingdom near Aurora's confines lies,
No common courser in the field he reins;
His bulk a tow'ring elephant sustains.
There Tisaphernes boasts his glorious name,
Who bears in hardy deeds the foremost fame.
  Thus he: the youth, enflam'd with gen'rous ire,
Darts from his ardent eyes the sparkling fire:
He burns with noble zeal to meet the foes,
And all his soul with martial ardor glows.
  Then to the chief the 'squire his speech renew'd:
Yet more remains to speak (he thus pursu'd):
For thee the Pagans deeper wiles prepare;
For thee has treason spread its blackest snare!
He said; and to the list'ning peers explain'd
The fatal purpose of th'insidious band;
Fierce Ormond's boast and proud demand disclos'd,
And all the murd'rous fraud at full expos'd.
  Much was he ask'd; and much again reply'd:
Short silence then ensu'd on ev'ry side.
At length the leader, lost in various thought,
From hoary Raymond's wisdom counsel sought.
  Then he:—Attend my words. At morning hour,
With forces deep enclose yon hostile tow'r;
And let the troops a while recruit their might,
And rouze their vigour for a greater fight.

Thou, as shall best beseem, O chief, prepare
For open action, or for covert war.
Yet this I most o'er ev'ry care commend,
In ev'ry chance thy valu'd life defend:
Thou giv'st success to crown our favour'd host,
And who shall guide our arms if thou art lost?
That all the Pagan fraud may stand confest,
Command thy guard to change their wonted vest:
So shall the traitors thro' the field be known,
And on their heads their impious treason thrown.
O still the same! (the leader thus replies)
Thou speak'st the friend, and all thy words are wise!
Now hear the purpose in our thoughts decreed:
Against the foe our battle will we lead:
In walls or trenches ne'er shall basely rest
A camp triumphant o'er the spacious east!
'Tis ours to meet yon barb'rous troops in fight,
And prove our former worth in open light.
Before our swords shall fly the trembling train:
Thus shall we firmly fix our future reign:
The tow'r shall soon our stronger force obey,
And, unsupported, yield an easy prey.
He ceas'd; and to his tent his steps addrest;
For now the sinking stars invite to rest.

END OF THE NINETEENTH BOOK.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

THE

TWENTIETH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Egyptian army arrives, the generals on both sides prepare for the battle. The speeches of Godfrey and Emirenes. The Christians make the onset: Gildippe signalizes herself, and engages Altamorus, who had made great havock of the Christians. Ormond is killed by Godfrey, and his associates are all cut to pieces. Rinaldo attacks ths Moors and Arabs, and defeats them with great slaughter: He passes by Armida's chariot; her behaviour on that occasion. Solyman, from the tower, takes a prospect of the battle, and, fired with emulation, leaves his fortress: Aladine, and the rest of the Pagans, accompany him. Raymond is felled to the ground by Solyman, but Tancred, hearing the tumult, issues from the place where he lay ill of his wounds, and defends him from the enemy. Aladine is slain by Raymond. The Soldan having forced his way through the Syrians and Gascons that surrounded the tower, enters the field of battle. The deaths of Edward and Gildippe. Adrastus is killed by Rinaldo, and Solyman falls by the same hand. Emirenes endeavours, in vain, to rally his troops. Tisaphernes performs great actions, till he is slain by Rinaldo. Armida flies from the field; Rinaldo pursues her: The interview between them. Godfrey kills Emirenes, and takes Altamorus prisoner. The Pagans fly on all sides; and Godfrey enters the temple victorious, and pays his devotions at the tomb.

THE

TWENTIETH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE sun had rouz'd mankind with early ray,
And up the steep of Heav'n advanc'd the day,
When from the lofty tow'r the Pagans 'spy
A dusty whirlwind that obscur'd the sky,
Like ev'ning's shade. At length, reveal'd to sight,
Th'Egyptian host appear'd in open light:
The num'rous ranks the spacious champaign fill'd,
Spread o'er the mountains and the plains conceal'd.
Then sudden, from the troop besieg'd, ascends
A gen'ral shout that all the region rends.
With such a sound the cranes embody'd fly
From Thracian shores to seek a warmer sky;
With noise they cut the clouds, and leave behind
The wint'ry tempest and the freezing wind.
Now hope, rekindling, fires the Pagan band;
Swells ev'ry threat, and urges ev'ry hand.

This soon the Franks perceiv'd, and instant knew
From whence their foes recover'd fury grew.
They look'd, and, 'midst the rolling smoke, beheld
The moving legions that o'erspread the field.
At once a gen'rous rage each bosom warms;
At once each valiant hero pants for arms.
Around their chief with eager looks they stand,
And loud the signal for the war demand.
  But, well advis'd, the prudent chief denies
To wage the battle till the morn arise.
He rules their ardor, he controuls their might,
And points a fitter season for the fight.
They hear, observant, and his voice obey,
But burn impatient for the dawning ray.
  At length, high seated on her eastern throne,
The breezy morn with welcome lustre shone;
Wide o'er the skies she shed her ruddy streams,
And glow'd with all the sun's enliv'ning beams:
While heav'n serene, and cloudless, would survey
The glorious deeds of that auspicious day.
  Soon as the dawn appears, with early care,
His army Godfrey leads in form of war;
But leaves, t'enclose the foes beleaguer'd tow'r,
Experienc'd Raymond with the Syrian pow'r
That from the neighb'ring lands auxiliar came,
And hail'd with joy the great deliv'rer's name:
A num'rous throng!—nor these alone remain;
To these he adds the hardy Gascon train.
  Now tow'r'd the leader with exalted mien,
While certain conquest in his eyes was seen:

With more than wonted state he seem'd to tread ;
A sudden youth was o'er his features spread :
Celestial favour beam'd in ev'ry look,
And ev'ry act a more than mortal spoke.
Now near advanc'd, the pious hero view'd
Where, deeply throng'd, th' *Egyptian* squadrons stood ;
And strait, to seize a fav'ring hill he sends,
Whose height his army's left and rear defends.
His troops he rang'd ; the midst the foot contain'd ;
In either wing the lighter horse remain'd.
The left, that to the friendly hill was join'd,
The chief to either Roberts care consign'd :
The midst his brother held ; himself the right,
Where open lay the dangers of the fight.
Here, mix'd with horse, accustom'd thus t'engage,
A distant war, on foot, the archers wage.
Behind th'advent'rers to the right he led,
And plac'd the bold Rinaldo at their head.
In thee, intrepid warrior, (Godfrey cries)
Our strong defence, our hope of conquest lies.
Behind the wing a while remain conceal'd ;
But when the foes advance t'invade the field,
Assail their flank, as vainly they contend
To wheel around us, and our rear offend.
Then on a rapid steed, in open view,
From rank to rank, 'twixt horse and foot, he flew.
From his rais'd helm his piercing looks he cast ;
His eyes, his figure lighten'd as he past !
The cheerful he confirm'd, the doubtful rais'd,
And, for their former deeds, the valiant prais'd.

He bade the bold their ancient boasts regard;
Some urg'd with honour's, some with gold's reward.
At length he stays where thick'ning round him stand
The first, the bravest of the martial band:
Then from on high his speech each hearer warms,
Swells the big thought, and fires the soul to arms.
As from steep hills the rushing torrents flow,
Increas'd with sudden falls of melting snow,
So from his lips, with swift effusion, pours
Mellifluous eloquence in copious show'rs.
  O you, the scourge of JESUS' foes profest,
O glorious heroes! conqu'rors of the east!
Behold the day arriv'd, so long desir'd,
The wish'd-for day to which your hopes aspir'd!
Some great event th'Almighty sure designs,
Who all his rebels in one force combines:
See! in one field he brings your various foes,
That one great battle all your wars may close.
Despise yon Pagans, an ungovern'd host,
Lost in confusion, in their numbers lost!
Our mighty force can troops like these sustain?
A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train!
From sloth or servile labours brought from far,
Compell'd, reluctant, to the task of war!
Their swords now tremble, trembles ev'ry shield;
Their fearful standards tremble on the field.
I hear their doubtful sounds, their motions view,
And see death hov'ring o'er the fated crew.
Yon leader fierce and glorious to behold,
In flaming purple and refulgent gold,

Might quell the Moorish and Arabian train,
But here his valour, here his worth is vain:
Wise tho' he be, what methods shall he prove
To rule his army, or their fears remove?
Scarce is he known, and scarce his troops can name,
Nor calls them partners of his former fame:
We ev'ry toil and ev'ry triumph share,
Fellows in arms, and brothers of the war!
Is there a warrior but your chief can tell
His native country, and his birth reveal?
What sword to me unknown? What shaft that flies
With missile death along the liquid skies?
I ask but what I oft have gain'd before:
Be still yourselves, and Godfrey seeks no more.
Preserve your zeal, your fame, and mine attend:
But, far o'er all, the faith of CHRIST defend!
Go, crush those impious on the fatal plain:
With their defeat your sacred rights maintain.
What should I more? I see your ardent eyes!
Conquest awaits you! seize the glorious prize.

He ceas'd; and instant, like a flashing light,
When stars or meteors stream thro' dusky night,
A sudden splendor on his brow was shed,
And lambent glories play'd around his head.
All wond'ring, gaze; and some the sign explain
The certain omen of his future reign.
Perchance (if mortal thoughts so high may soar,
Or dare the secrets of the skies explore)
From heav'nly seats his guardian angel flew,
And o'er the chief his golden pinions threw.

While Godfrey thus the Christian host prepares,
Th'Egyptian leader, press'd with equal cares,
Extends his num'rous force to meet the foes:
The midst the foot, the wings the horse compose:
Himself the right; the midst Mulasses guides:
There, in the central war, Armida rides.
In pomp barbaric near the leader stand
India's stern king, and all the regal band:
There Tisaphernes lifts his haughty head;
But where the squadrons to the left were spread,
(A wider space) there Altamorus brings
His Afric monarchs, and his Persian kings:
From thence their slings, their arrows they prepare,
And all the missile thunder of the war.
  Now Emirenes ev'ry rank inspires,
The fearful raises, and the valiant fires:
To those he cry'd:—What mean your looks deprest?
What fear, unmanly, harbours in your breast?
Our near approach shall daunt yon hostile train,
Our shouts alone shall drive them from the plain.
To these:—No more delay, ye gen'rous bands!
Redeem the pillage from the spoilers hands.
In some he 'waken'd ev'ry tender thought,
Each lov'd idea to remembrance brought.
O! think by me your country begs (he cries)
And thus, adjuring, on your aid relies!
Preserve my laws, preserve each sacred fane,
Nor let my childrens blood my temples stain:
Preserve from ruffian force th'affrighted maid;
Preserve the tombs and ashes of the dead!

To you, oppress'd with bending age and woe,
Their silver locks your hoary fathers show:
To you, your wives, your lisping infants sue;
All ask their safety and their lives from you.
He said, and ceas'd; for nearer now was seen
Th'advancing pow'rs, and small the space between.
Now front to front in dreadful pause they stand,
Burn for the fight, and only wait command.
The streaming banners to the wind are spread,
The plumage nods on ev'ry crested head;
Arms, vests, devices catch the sunny rays,
And steel and gold with mingl'd splendor blaze!
Each spacious host, on either side, appears
A steely wood, a grove of waving spears.
They bend their bows, in rest their lançes take,
They whirl their slings, their ready jav'lins shake.
Each gen'rous steed to meet the fight aspires,
And seconds, with his own, his master's fires;
He neighs, he foams, he paws the ground beneath,
And smoke and flame his swelling nostrils breathe.
E'en horror pleas'd in such a glorious sight,
Each beating bosom felt severe delight;
While the shrill trumpets, echoing from afar,
With dreadful transports animate the war.
But still the faithful bands superior stood,
More clear their notes, more fair their battle shew'd;
Their louder trumpets rouz'd a nobler flame,
And from their arms a brighter lustre came.
The Christians sound the charge; the foes reply;
And the mix'd clangors rattle in the sky.

Strait on their knees the Franks the soil adore,
And kiss the hallow'd earth, and Heav'n implore.
And now between the troops the space is lost;
With equal ardor joins each adverse host.
What hero first, amidst the Christian name,
Gain'd from the faithless bands a wreath of fame?
'Twas thou, Gildippe! whose resistless hand
O'erthrew Hircanes, who in Ormus reign'd:
(Such glory Heav'n on female arms display'd)
Deep in his breast the spear a passage made;
Headlong he falls; and, falling, hears the foe
With joyful shouts applaud the forceful blow.
Her jav'lin broke, her trusty sword she drew,
And pierc'd the Persians, and Zopyrus slew;
Cleft where the circling belt his armour bound,
He falls, divided, on the purple ground.
Thro' fierce Alcarus' throat her weapon hew'd
The double passage of the voice and food;
Then Artaxerxes in the dust she laid,
And thro' Argeus thrust her furious blade.
At Ishmael's arm her rapid steel she guides,
And the close juncture of the hand divides:
The sever'd hand at once the reign forsook;
Above the startled courser hiss'd the stroke;
He rear'd aloft, and, seiz'd with sudden fright,
Broke thro' the ranks, and discompos'd the fight.
All these, and numbers more her fury feel,
Whose names, in silence, ages past conceal:
But 'gainst her now the thronging Persians came,
And Edward ran t'assist the matchless dame.

With force united then, the faithful pair.
Undaunted bore the rushing storm of war.
Neglectful of themselves amidst the strife,
Each guards, with watchful care, the other's life.
Her ready shield the warlike damsel spread,
And turn'd the weapons aim'd at Edward's head.
He, o'er his spouse, his fencing buckler throws:
Each seeks for each the vengeance on the foes.
By him the daring Artaban was slain,
Who in Boëcan's island held his reign:
By him his instant fate Alvantes found,
Who durst at fair Gildippe aim the wound.
Then Arimontes' brow she cleft in two,
Who, with drawn sword, against her consort flew.
While these, resistless, 'midst the Persians rag'd,
More dire Samarcand's king the Franks engag'd.
Where'er he turn'd his steed, or drove his steel,
The horse and foot before his fury fell:
And those that 'scape the falchion's milder death,
Beneath the courser's feet groan out their breath!
By Altamorus, on the dreadful plain,
Brunello strong, Ardonio huge, were slain.
Of that the helm and head the sword divides;
The gory visage hangs on equal sides.
This pierc'd where laughter first derives its birth,
And the glad heart dilates to pleasing mirth
(Wond'rous and horrid to the gazer's eyes);
Now laughs constrain'd, and as he laughs he dies!
With these Gentonio, Guasco, Guido dy'd:
And good Rosmondo swell'd the crimson tide.

What tongue can tell the throng depriv'd of breath,
The wounds describe, or dwell on ev'ry death?
None yet appear'd, of all the warring band,
Who durst sustain his valour hand to hand.
Alone Gildippe 'gainst the monarch came;
No fear could damp her gen'rous thirst of fame.
Less bold on fair Thermodoon's winding shore,
Each warlike Amazon her buckler bore,
Or rear'd her axe; than now, with glorious heat,
Gildippe rush'd the Persian's rage to meet.
She rais'd her sword, and struck the regal crown
That round his helm with pomp barbaric shone.
The glitt'ring honours from his brows she rent:
Beneath the force the mighty warrior bent.
The king with shame the pow'rful arm confess'd,
And swift, t'avenge the blow, his steel address'd:
Full on her front so fierce the dame he struck,
That sense her mind, and strength her limbs forsook.
Then had she fall'n, but near, with ready hand
Her faithful lord her sinking weight sustain'd.
No more the lofty foe his stroke pursu'd,
But with disdain an easy conquest view'd:
So the bold lion, with a scornful eye,
Scowls on the prostrate prey, and passes by.
Meantime fierce Ormond, who, with murd'rous care,
Had spread for Godfrey's life the fatal snare,
Disguis'd, was mingl'd with the Christian band,
And near their chief his dire associates stand.
So prowling wolves an entrance seek to gain,
Like faithful dogs, amongst the woolly train:

They watch the folds when welcome shades arise,
And hide their quiv'ring tails between their thighs.
Th'insidious band advanc'd, and now in view,
Near pious Godfrey's side the Pagan drew.
Soon as the prince the white and gold survey'd,
(The certain token which their wile betray'd)
Behold the traitor there confess'd (he cries)
Who veils his treason with a Frank's disguise!
At me his followers aim the deadly blow.—
He said, and rush'd against the treach'rous foe.
O'er Ormond swift th'avenging blade he rais'd;
Th'astonish'd wretch, without resistance, gaz'd;
And, while a sudden terror froze his blood,
With stiff'ning limbs, a senseless statue stood.
Each sword was turn'd against the fraudful crew,
At these the shafts from ev'ry quiver flew:
In pieces hewn their bodies strew the plains;
And not a single corse entire remains!

Now, stain'd with slaughter, Godfrey bent his course
To where the valiant Altamorus' force
His squadrons pierc'd, that fled with tim'rous haste,
Like Afric sands before the southern blast.
Loud to his troops th'indignant hero cry'd,
Stay'd those that fled, and him that chac'd defy'd.

Between these mighty chiefs a fight ensu'd
More dire than Ida or Scamander view'd.
Meanwhile, betwixt the foot the battle bled;
Those Baldwin rul'd, and these Mulasses led.
Nor less in other parts the conflict rag'd,
Where next the mountain, horse with horse engag'd.

There Emirenes dealing fate was found;
There fought the two * in fields of death renown'd.
Two Roberts there the Pagan force defy'd:
With Emirenes one the combat try'd,
While conquest yet declar'd on neither side.
But one, with armour pierc'd and helmet hew'd,
In harder conflict with Adrastus stood.
Still Tisaphernes finds no equal foe
To mate his strength, and measure blow for blow;
But rushes where he sees the thickest train,
And with a mingl'd carnage heaps the plain.
Thus far'd the war; while neither part prevails,
And hope and fear are pois'd in equal scales.
O'erspread with shatter'd arms the ground appears,
With broken bucklers, and with shiver'd spears.
Here swords are stuck in hapless warriors kill'd,
And useless, there are scatter'd o'er the field.
Here, on their face, the breathless bodies lie;
There turn their ghastly features to the sky!
Beside his lord the courser press'd the plain;
Beside his slaughter'd friend the friend is slain.
Foe near to foe; and on the vanquish'd spread
The victor lies; the living on the dead!
An undistinguish'd din is heard around,
Mix'd is the murmur, and confus'd the sound:
The threats of anger, and the soldier's cry;
The groans of those that fall, and those that die!
The splendid arms that shone so gay before,
Now, sudden chang'd, delight the eyes no more.

ADRASTUS AND TISAPHERNES.

The steel has lost its gleam, the gold its blaze;
No more the vary'd colours blend their rays.
Torn from the crest the sully'd plumes are lost,
And dust and blood deform the pomp of either host!
Now, on the left, with Ethiopia's train,
The Moors and Arabs wheel around the plain.
The slingers next, and archers from afar,
Pour'd on the Franks a thick and missile war:
When, lo! Rinaldo, with his squadron came,
Dire as an earthquake, swift as lightning's flame!
From Meroe, first of Ethiopia's bands,
Full in his passage Assimirus stands.
Rinaldo reach'd him, where the sable head
Join'd to the neck, and mix'd him with the dead.
Soon as his sword the taste of blood confest,
New ardor kindl'd in the hero's breast.
Thro' all the throng the dreadful victor storm'd,
And deeds, transcending human faith, perform'd.
As when th'envenom'd serpent shoots along,
Furious he seems to dart a triple tongue;
At once the chief appears three swords to wield,
And hurl a threefold vengeance round the field.
The swarthy kings, the Lybian tyrants die;
Drench'd in each other's blood, confus'd, they lie.
Fierce with the rest his following friends engage:
His great example animates their rage.
Without defence th'astonish'd vulgar fall;
One universal ruin levels all!
'Twas war no more, but carnage thro' the field;
Those lift the sword, and these their bosoms yield.

No longer now the Pagans sink, opprest
With wounds before, all honest on the breast;
Lost are their ranks, they fly with headlong fear,
And pale confusion trembles in their rear.
Behind, Rinaldo pours along the plain,
And breaks and scatters wide the tim'rous train.
At length his gen'rous arm from slaughter ceas'd,
And 'gainst a flying foe his wrath decreas'd.
So when high hills or tufted woods oppose,
With double force the wind indignant blows;
No more oppos'd, no more its rage prevails,
But o'er the lawn it breathes in gentle gales.
So midst the rocks the sea resounding raves,
But, unconfin'd, more calmly rolls its waves.
Next on the foot the warrior bent his force,
Where late the Afric and Arabian horse
The squadrons flank'd; but now dispers'd around,
They take their flight, or gasp upon the ground.
Swift on th'unguarded files Rinaldo flew;
As swift behind his brave compeers pursue:
Spears, darts, and swords in vain his might withstand;
Whole legions fall beneath his dreadful hand!
Not with such rage a bursting tempest borne,
Sweeps o'er the field, and mows the golden corn.
The streaming blood in purple torrents swell'd!
And arms and mangl'd limbs the earth conceal'd.
There, uncontroul'd, the foaming coursers tread,
Bound o'er the plain, and trample on the dead!
  Now came Rinaldo where, with martial air,
Appear'd Armida in her glitt'ring car.

A train of lovers near her person wait,
A glorious guard, the nobles of the state!
She sees! she knows!—conflicting passions rise,
Desire and anger tremble in her eyes.
A transient blush the hero's visage burns;
But heat and cold possess her heart by turns.
The knight, declining from the car, withdrew,
Not unregarded by the rival-crew;
Those lift the sword, and these the lance protend;
E'en she prepares her threat'ning bow to bend.
She fits the shaft, disdain her thoughts impell'd,
But love a while the purpos'd stroke withheld.
Thrice in her hand the missile reed she tries;
And thrice her falt'ring hand its strength denies.
At length her wrath prevails, she twangs the string,
And sends the whizzing arrow on the wing:
Swift flies the shaft—as swiftly flies her pray'r
That all its fury may be spent in air!
She hopes, she fears, she follows with her eye,
And marks the weapon as it cuts the sky.
The weapon, not unfaithful to her aim,
Against the warrior's stubborn cors'let came.
Harmless it fell; aside the hero turn'd:
She deem'd her pow'r despis'd, her anger scorn'd.
Again she bent her bow, but fail'd to wound,
While love, with surer darts, her bosom found.

And is he then impervious to the steel!
And fears he not (she cry'd) the stroke to feel?
Does tenfold adamant his limbs invest,
That adamant which guards his ruthless breast?

So well secur'd, that safely he defies
The sword of battle, or the fair one's eyes?
What further arts for wretched me remain?—
Attempt no more, for ev'ry art is vain!
Arm'd or disarm'd, an equal fate I know:
Alike contemn'd, a lover or a foe!
Where now, alas! is ev'ry former boast?—
Behold my warriors faint! my hopes are lost!
Against his valour ev'ry strength must fail;
Nor courage can withstand, nor arms avail!

While thus she thought, her champions round she view'd
O'erthrown, or ta'en, or welt'ring in their blood.
What should she do?—alone, unhelp'd, remain?
Already now she dreads the victor's chain;
Nor dares (the bow and jav'lin at her side)
In Pallas' or Diana's arms confide.
As when the fearful cygnet sees on high
The strong-pounc'd eagle stooping from the sky,
Trembling, she cow'rs beneath th'impending fate;
So seem'd Armida, such her dang'rous state.

But Altamorus, who from shameful flight
Still held the Persians, and maintain'd the fight,
Her peril view'd, and, careless of his fame,
His troops forsook, and to her rescue came.
With rapid sword he breaks amid the war,
And wheels around her, and defends the car:
While dire destruction rages through his bands,
O'erthrown by Godfrey and Rinaldo's hands.
This sees th'unhappy prince, but sees in vain:
Armida succour'd, now he turns again;
But flew, too late, t'assist his routed train!

There all was lost; a gen'ral panic spread;
Dispers'd, around the broken Persians fled.
In other parts the fainting Christians yield;
Two Roberts there in vain direct the field:
One scarce escap'd with life; his wounded breast
And bleeding front the hostile steel confest;
While fierce Adrastus one his pris'ner made:
Thus equal chance the dubious battle sway'd.
But Godfrey now, his hardy warriors warm'd,
Again to fight his ready bands he form'd;
Then bravely on the victor-forces flew:
They join, they thicken, and the war renew.
Each side appears distain'd with adverse gore;
Each side the glorious signs of triumph bore.
Conquest and fame on either part are seen,
And Mars and Fortune doubtful stand between.
While thus the combat rages on the plain
Betwixt the Christian and the Pagan train,
High on the tow'r the haughty Soldan stood;
From whence, intent, the distant strife he view'd.
Struck with the sight, his breast with envy swell'd;
He burn'd to mingle in the fatal field.
All arm'd besides, he snatch'd with eager haste,
And on his head his radiant helmet plac'd.
Rise! rise! (he said) no longer slothful lie—
Behold the time to conquer or to die!
Then, whether Heav'n's high providence inspir'd
His daring purpose, and his fury fir'd,
That thus at once the Pagan reign might end,
And all its glories on that day descend;

Or whether, conscious of his death to come,
He felt an impulse now to meet his doom,
Sudden he bade the sounding gates unbar,
And issu'd forth with unexpected war;
Nor waits his following band, but singly goes;
Himself alone defies a thousand foes.
But soon the rest his martial rage partook,
E'en aged Aladine the fort forsook;
The base, the cautious catch at once the fires;
Not hope excites them, but despair inspires.
The first the Turk before his passage found,
His valour tumbl'd breathless to the ground.
So swift he thunder'd on the faithful train,
That ere they view th'assault, their friends are slain.
First of the Christians, struck with panic fear,
The trembling Syrians for their flight prepare.
But still unrouted stood the Gascon band,
Tho' nearer these the Soldan's rage sustain'd,
And fell in heaps beneath his slaught'ring hand.
Not with such wrath the savage beast indu'd,
Leaps o'er the fold, and dyes the ground with blood:
Not with such fury, thro' th'ethereal space,
Voracious vultures rend the feather'd race.
Thro' plated steel his strength resistless drives,
While his keen falchion drinks the warriors lives!
With Aladine the Pagans quit the tow'r,
And furious on their late besiegers pour.
But Raymond now advanc'd with fearless haste,
And saw where Solyman his squadron press'd;

Nor yet the hoary chief his steps forbore,
Nor shunn'd that arm whose force he felt before.
Again to combat he defies the foe,
Again his front receives a dreadful blow:
Again he falls; in vain declining age,
With strength unequal, would such pow'r engage.
Behold a hundred swords and shields display'd;
And these defend the knight, and those invade.
But thence with speed th'impetuous Soldan flies
(He deems him slain, or deems an easy prize);
Descending, o'er the ruin'd works he goes
To distant plains, where fiercer battle glows;
Far other scenes his barb'rous rage demands;
Far other deaths must glut his cruel hands!
Meanwhile around the late beleaguer'd tow'r,
New vigour still inspir'd the Pagan pow'r;
The warmth their leader breath'd they still retain;
And with the Christians still their fears remain.
Those seek to finish what their chief begun;
And these, retreating, seem the fight to shun.
In due array the hardy Gascons yield;
The Syrians wide are scatter'd o'er the field.
The tumult thickens near where Tancred lies;
He hears the din of arms, the soldier's cries:
Strait from the couch his wounded limbs he rears,
And lo! at once the mingl'd scene appears!
He sees on earth th'ill-fated Raymond laid,
Some slowly yield, and some in flight survey'd.
That courage true to ev'ry noble breast,
Nor lost by weakness, nor by pain supprest,

Now swell'd the hero's soul; he grasp'd his shield,
Nor seem'd too faint the pond'rous orb to wield;
His right hand held unsheath'd his glitt'ring blade,
Nor other arms he sought, nor more delay'd;
But issuing thus,—O! whither would you fly,
And leave your lord neglected here to die!
Shall then these Pagans rend his arms away,
And in their fanes suspend the glorious prey?
Go—seek your country—to his son reveal
That, where you fled, his noble father fell!
He said; and durst against a thousand foes
His breast, still feeble with his wounds, oppose;
While with his ample shield (a fencing shade,
With sev'n tough hides and plates of steel o'erlaid)
He kept the hoary Raymond safe from harms,
From swords, and darts, and all the missile arms.
He whirls his falchion with resistless sway;
The foes repuls'd, forego their wish'd-for prey.
But soon the venerable hero rose,
His face with shame, his heart with anger glows;
In vain he seeks the chief by whom he fell,
Then 'gainst the vulgar turns his vengeful steel.
The Gascons, rally'd, soon the fight renew,
And straight their gallant leader's steps pursue:
Now fears the troop that danger late disdain'd,
And courage now succeeds where terror reign'd.
They chace that yielded, those that chac'd give way:
So chang'd at once the fortune of the day!
While Raymond rag'd with unresisted hand,
And sought the noblest of the hostile band;

The realm's usurper, Aladine, he view'd,
Who 'midst the thickest press the fight pursu'd:
He saw, and 'gainst him rais'd his fatal steel:
Cleft thro' the head the dying monarch fell;
Prone on his kingdom's soil resign'd his breath,
And, groaning, bit the bloody dust in death.
Now various passions move the Pagan foes:
Some 'gainst the spear their desp'rate breasts oppose;
While some, with terror seiz'd, the fight forsake,
And in the fort their second refuge take:
But ent'ring, mix'd with these, the victor-train
At once the conquest of the fortress gain.
Now all is one—in vain the Pagans fly;
Within they fall, or at the portal die.
Sage Raymond then ascends the lofty tow'r,
The mighty standard in his hand he bore;
There full in view, to either host display'd,
The Cross triumphant to the winds he spread;
Unseen of Solyman, who thence afar,
Impatient flew to mingle in the war:
And now he reach'd the fatal sanguine field,
Where more and more the purple torrent swell'd.
There death appear'd to hold his horrid reign,
There raise his trophies on the dreadful plain.
The Soldan seiz'd a steed, the combat sought,
And sudden to the fainting Pagans brought
A short but glorious aid. So lightning flies,
And unexpected falls, and instant dies;
But leaves in rifted rocks, with furious force,
The tokens of its momentary course.

A hundred warriors, great in arms, he slew;
Yet from oblivion fame has snatch'd but two.
O Edward and Gildippe! faithful pair!
Your hapless fate, your matchless deeds in war,
(If equal praise my Tuscan muse can give)
Consign'd to distant times shall ever live!
Some pitying lover, when the tale he hears,
Shall grace your fortune and my verse with tears.
Th'intrepid heroine spurr'd her steed, and flew
To where the raging Turk the troops o'erthrew.
Two mighty strokes her valiant arm impell'd;
One reach'd his side, one pierc'd his plated shield.
The furious chief her well-known vest descry'd:
Behold the strumpet with her mate (he cry'd)!
Hence to thy female tasks; the distaff wield,
Nor dare with spear and sword to brave the field.
He said, and dreadful as the words he spoke,
His thund'ring weapon thro' her cors'let broke;
Deep in her breast the ruthless falchion drove,
Her gentle breast, the seat of truth and love!
Her languid hand foregoes the useless rein;
Approaching death creeps cold in ev'ry vein.
To save his wife unhappy Edward flies!
Too late he comes—his lov'd Gildippe dies!
What should he do?—distracting thoughts prevail;
Pity and wrath at once his heart assail:
That bids his arm a kind support bestow;
This prompts his vengeance on the barb'rous foe.
While with his left he seeks to hold the fair,
His better hand provokes th'unequal war:

But vain his efforts to support his bride,
Or reach the murd'rous chief by whom she dy'd.
The sword the Pagan thro' his arm impell'd
That with a fruitless grasp his consort held.
As when an axe the stately helm invades,
Or storms uproot it from its native shades,
It falls; and with it falls the mantling vine,
Whose curling folds its ample waist entwine,
So Edward sunk beneath the Pagan steel;
So, with her Edward, fair Gildippe fell.
They strive to speak, their words are lost in sighs,
And on their lips th'imperfect accent dies.
Each other still with mournful looks they view,
And, close embracing, take the last adieu,
Till, losing both the cheerful beams of light,
Their gentle souls together take their flight.
Soon spreading Fame the dire event declares,
And soon the tidings to Rinaldo bears:
Compassion, grief, and wrath, at once conspire,
And all his gen'rous thoughts to vengeance fire:
But first Adrastus, in the Soldan's sight,
His passage cross'd, and dar'd him to the fight.
Then thus the king:—By ev'ry sign display'd,
Thou sure art he for whom my search is made.
Each buckler have I long explor'd in vain,
And oft have call'd thee thro' th'embattl'd plain.
Now shall my former vows be fully paid,
And justice sated with thy forfeit head.
Come, let us here our mutual valour show;
Armida's champion I, and thou her foe!

Boastful he spoke; then whirl'd his flashing steel;
Swift on the Christian's head the tempest fell
In vain: the temper'd casque the force withstood;
But oft the warrior in the saddle bow'd.
Rinaldo's falchion then Adrastus found,
And in his side impress'd a mortal wound.
Prone falls the giant-king, no more a name!
One fatal blow concludes his life and fame!
With horror seiz'd the gazing Pagans stood,
While fear and wonder froze their curdling blood.
E'en Solyman surpriz'd the stroke beheld;
His alter'd looks his troubl'd thoughts reveal'd:
He sees his doom, and (wond'rous to relate!)
Suspended stands to meet approaching fate.
But Heav'n's high will, for ever uncontroul'd,
Unnerves the mighty, and confounds the bold!
As oft the sick in dreams attempt to fly,
What time the fainting limbs their speed deny;
In vain their lips a vocal sound essay,
Nor cries nor voice can find their wonted way,
So strove the Soldan now th'assault to dare;
He rouz'd his soul to meet the threaten'd war,
In vain: no more the thirst of fame prevail'd;
His spirits droop'd, his wonted vigour fail'd;
He scorn'd to yield or fly; yet, unresolv'd,
A thousand thoughts his wav'ring mind revolv'd.
While thus he paus'd, the conqu'ring chief drew nigh,
Furious he rush'd, tremendous to the eye!
He seem'd to move with more than mortal course,
And look'd a match for more than mortal force.

The Pagan scarce resists, yet e'en in death
Preserves his fame, and nobly yields his breath;
Nor shuns the sword, but, 'midst his ruin great,
Without a groan receives the stroke of fate!
Thus he who, when subdu'd by stronger foes,
From ev'ry fall, like old Antœus rose
With force renew'd, now reach'd his destin'd hour,
And press'd at length the earth, to rise no more.
Then fame from man to man the tidings bears;
A doubtful face no longer fortune w[illegible]
No longer then the war's events sus[illegible]
But joins the Christians, and their [illegible]friends.
Soon from the fight recede the rega[illegible]
The pride, the strength of all the [illegible]d,
Once call'd Immortal; now the na[illegible],
And ruin triumphs o'er an empty [illegible]
Th'astonish'd bearer with the star[illegible]
Him Emirenes stopp'd, and stern[illegible]
Art thou not he, selected from [illegible]
Our monarch's glorious banner to [illegible]
Was it for this (O scandal to the [illegible]
That to thy hand th'important c[illegible]e?
And canst thou, Rimedon, thy chief survey,
Yet basely leave him, and desert the day?
What dost thou seek? thy safety? Here it lies:
With me return: death waits for him who flies.
Here let him bravely fight who hopes to live;
Here honour's deeds alone can safety give.
He heard, and instant to the field return'd:
Disdain and shame his conscious bosom burn'd.

No less the rest th'intrepid chief retain'd;
These urg'd by threats, and those by force constrain'd.
Who dares to fly from yonder swords (he cries)
Who dares to tremble, by this weapon dies.
Thus rang'd again, his routed files he view'd,
The war rekindl'd, and his hopes renew'd;
While Tisaphernes, with resistless might,
Maintain'd the combat, and forbade the flight.
Brave deeds that day renown'd the warrior's hand;
His single force dispers'd the Norman band:
By him were chac'd the Flemings from the plain,
And Gernier, Gerrard, and Rogero slain.
When acts like these had grac'd his last of days,
And crown'd his short but glorious life with praise,
As careless what succeeding fate might yield,
He sought the greatest perils of the field:
He saw Rinaldo; well the youth he knew,
Tho' all his arms were dy'd to sanguine hue.
Lo! there the terror of the plain (he cries)
May Heav'n assist my daring enterprize!
So shall Armida her revenge obtain:
O Macon! let my sword this conquest gain,
And his proud arms shall hang devoted in thy fane.
Thus pray'd the knight; his words are lost in air;
No Macon hears his unavailing pray'r.
As the bold lion, eager to engage,
With lashing tail provokes his native rage,
So fares the furious warrior; love inspires,
Swells all his soul, and rouzes all his fires.

He bears aloft his shield, he spurs his steed;
The Latian hero rush'd with equal speed.
At once they meet; at once, on either hand,
In deep suspense the gazing armies stand.
Such skill, such courage either champion shows,
So swift their weapons, and so fierce their blows;
Each side a while forget their wonted rage,
And drop their arms to see the chiefs engage.
In vain the Pagan strikes; secur'd from harms,
The Christian combats in ethereal arms;
From him more fatal ev'ry stroke descends;
The foe from wounds no temper'd steel defends;
His shield is rent away, his helm is hew'd,
And the plain blushes with a stream of blood.
The fair enchantress, who the fight survey'd,
Beheld how fast her champion's strength decay'd.
The saw the rest a pale and heartless train,
That scarce from flight their trembling feet restrain;
Till she who late such guards around her view'd,
Alone, forsaken, in her chariot stood:
She loaths the light, and servitude she fears;
Of conquest or revenge alike despairs.
Then leaping from her car in pale affright,
She mounts a steed, and takes her speedy flight.
But like two hounds that snuff the tainted dew,
Anger and love her parting steps pursue.
When Cleopatra, by her fears betray'd,
Of old from Actium's fatal conflict fled,
And left, to Cæsar's happier arms expos'd,
Her * Roman lord with perils round enclos'd,

* MARC ANTONY.

He soon, forgetful of his former fame,
Spread ev'ry sail to join the flying dame:
So Tisaphernes (but his foe withstood)
Had from the field Armida's flight pursu'd:
His fair one vanish'd from his longing eyes,
The sun seem'd blotted from the cheerful skies:
Fierce at Rinaldo then, in wild despair,
He rais'd aloft his vengeful blade in air.
Not with such weight, to frame the forky brand,
The pond'rous hammer falls from Brontes' hand.
Full on his front the thund'ring stroke he sent:
Beneath the force the stagg'ring warrior bent;
But soon recov'ring, whirl'd his beaming sword:
The thirsty point the Pagan's bosom gor'd;
A furious passage thro' his cuirass made,
Till at his back appear'd the reeking blade:
The steel, drawn forth, a double vent supply'd;
The soul came floating in a purple tide.
  Rinaldo pausing, cast around his view,
To mark what friends to aid, what foes pursue.
Wide o'er the field he sees the Pagans fly;
On earth their broken arms and ensigns lie.
And now his thoughts recall th'unhappy fair,
Who furious fled, abandon'd to despair.
Her woeful state might well his pity claim,
Her love neglected, and her ruin'd fame!
For still in mind his tender'd faith he bore,
Her champion plighted when he left her shore.
Then, where her rapid courser's track he view'd,
Th'impatient knight the flying dame pursu'd.

Meanwhile Armida chanc'd a vale to find
That seem'd for dire despair and death design'd:
Well-pleas'd herself, she saw by fate convey'd
To end her woes in such a grateful shade.
There, 'lighting from her steed, she laid aside
Her bow, her quiver, all her martial pride.
Unfaithful arms! (she cries) essay'd in vain,
Return'd unbath'd from such a sanguine plain;
Here bury'd lie, and prove the field no more,
Since you so ill aveng'd the wrongs I bore.
If vainly thus at other hearts you fly,
Dare you a female's tender bosom try?
Here—enter mine, that naked meets the blow;
Here raise your trophies, here your triumphs show!
Love knows how well this breast admits the dart;
Love that so deep has pierc'd my tender heart!
Unblest Armida! what is now thy fate,
When this alone can cure thy wretched state?
The weapon's point must heal the wound of love,
And friendly death my heart's physician prove.
Fond love, farewell!—but come, thou fell disdain!
For ever partner with my ghost remain;
Together let us rise from realms below,
To haunt th'ungrateful author of my woe;
To bring dire visions to his fearful sight,
And fill with horror ev'ry sleepless night!
She ceas'd; and, fix'd her mournful life to close,
The sharpest arrow from her quiver chose;
When lo! Rinaldo came, and saw the fair
So near the dreadful period of despair.

DAMAGE PAGES ARE 260 to 263, IN BOOK

Thy triumph gain'd o'er Altamorus' name,
Is crown'd no less with riches than with fame.
My kingdom with its gold, my pious wife
With jewels, shall redeem my forfeit life.
Heav'n has not giv'n me (thus the chief replies)
A mind to covet gold, or jewels prize:
Still keep whate'er is thine from India's shore,
And still in peace enjoy thy Persian store:
No price for life, no ransom I demand;
I war, but traffic not in Asia's land.
He ceas'd; and with his guards the monarch plac'd,
Then from the field the scatter'd remnants chac'd.
These to the trench in vain their flight pursue;
Insatiate death o'ertakes the trembling crew:
Gigantic slaughter stalks on ev'ry side,
And swells from tent to tent the dreadful tide:
Helms, crests, and radiant shields are purpl'd o'er,
And costly trappings drop with human gore!
Thus conquer'd Godfrey; and as yet the day
Gave from the western waves the parting ray,
Swift to the walls the glorious victor rode,
The domes where CHRIST had made his blest abode:
In sanguine vest, with all his princely train,
The chief of chiefs then sought the sacred fane;
There o'er the hallow'd tomb his arms display'd,
And there to Heav'n his vow'd devotions paid.

END OF THE TWENTIETH AND LAST BOOK.

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—— is named by Godfrey to fight with Argantes vi. 190

Tancred sees Clorinda vi. 196
—— fights with Argantes *ib.* 289
—— they are parted by the heralds *ib.* 364
—— the combat deferred to the sixth day following *ib.* 393
—— hears of Erminia's approach to the Christian camp, and goes in search of her, supposing her to be Clorinda *ib.* 809. vii. 169
—— is conducted to Armida's castle vii. 206
—— fights with Rambaldo *ib.* 272
—— is made prisoner by enchantment *ib.* 353
—— returns to the camp with the rest of the Christian knights ix. 713
—— pursues Clorinda, he not knowing her xii. 395
—— fights with her *ib.* 417
—— desires to know her name *ib.* 457
—— mortally wounds her *ib.* 483
—— gives her baptism *ib.* 511
—— his distraction at knowing her *ib.* 527, 534
—— falls in a swoon by her side *ib.* 537
—— is carried with her to his tent *ib.* 551
—— lamentation at her death *ib.* 567, 610
—— is rebuked by Peter for his excessive grief *ib.* 641
—— is comforted by Clorinda, who appears to him in a dream xii. 677
Tancred causes her to be buried *ib.* 703
—— his speech at her tomb *ib.* 721
—— undertakes the adventure of the enchanted wood xiii. 227
—— enters the wood *ib.* 241
—— sees an inscription on a cypress *ib.* 272
—— attempts to cut down the tree *ib.* 292
—— sees blood issue, and hears a voice from the trunk *ib.* 296
—— returns to the camp without dissolving the enchantment *ib.* 318
—— relates his adventure to Godfrey [illegible]
—— offers his 'squire to be sent as a spy to the Egyptian camp [illegible]
—— plants his standard on the walls of Jerusalem [illegible]
—— is reproached by Argantes with breach of faith [illegible]
—— defies him, and retires with him from the walls to engage in a single combat *ib.* 28
—— their combat described [illegible]
—— makes offers of peace to Argantes [illegible]
—— kills him [illegible]
—— faints away with the loss of blood [illegible]